

# THE LIVING AGE:

A Weekly Magazine of Contemporary Literature and Thought.

(FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.)

SEVENTH SERIES.  
Volume V.

NO. 2893. DECEMBER 16, 1899.

FROM BEGINNING  
Vol. CCKXIII.

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## THE CROSS AS THE FINAL SEAT OF AUTHORITY.

In converting the world, the Church should not forget that there are conversions to be brought about within her own pale, and especially upon some of her own ideas. The self-formation of the Church is not merely an event of the sixteenth century, it is the Church's standing instinct of self-preservation amid the corruptions and errors of history; it is a permanent condition of the Church's health, and an exercise of the vital spirit whose indwelling makes it a Church and keeps it so.

And it is a great part of the Church's duty to-day to convert, perhaps the idea, but certainly the word, *Evangelical*. It needs restoring from its fallen to its first state. It needs to be rescued from the sects and restored to its public and universal scope. It is time that it changed its meaning in the public mind from a symbol of the narrow and the stale to the whole breadth of the soul, the whole depth of the human tragedy, and the whole tension of the human crisis—the soul's crisis and the social need. It is urgent that more should be done to dissociate the word from the theories of grace and to attach it to the realities of grace; to adjust it at once to the historic Christ and to the historic and actual situation of society. It needs to be moralized, to become more ethical and more practi-

cal. It requires to be adjusted to Christ and to the social need more even than to the Bible.

It is desirable that we should realize the Evangelical authority to be not so much the Bible as the Gospel, the Bible in the Bible and before it, the Gospel of grace and redemption in the person of Christ, the Bible's living spirit to be distilled from it, not its dead residuum to be obtained by evaporation or dissection.

We ought to be as Evangelical as our fathers, especially as our early fathers of the Reformation. But what does that mean? It means that we should fit grace to need, and be as relevant with a Gospel of grace to our age as they were to theirs. For instance, we are many of us living on the Evangelical revival of the last century. That was a great and a timely movement. It was a movement against spiritual deadness in the Church. And its protest has been not only effective but vital. It saved the Church, and it continues to do so: that deadness does not now exist. The Church is quick and powerful, and it would be a mistake to suppose that the Evangelical testimony is to-day called on to take the same form. To repeat the old phrases and experiences may (I do not say must) savor of insincerity or of unintelligence. Reviv-

al is not now the need of the Church, at least in the same sense. The social situation is different, and the Church's mood is different. The great Protestant movement has passed into another phase, and the Protestant principle asserts itself in another and more relevant form.

It is still the old watchword of grace to human sin and faith. But there are at least two points on which the Christian situation of the day calls for special stress:

I. Grace to-day must be a gospel not so much of the supernatural as of the superhuman; it needs to be preached as transcending human love even more than natural law.

II. And as it is thus much more than sympathy, so it must be a gospel not in the first place of freedom, but of authority.

I venture to say something on the first of these heads, but most on the second.

I. Our gospel is superhuman, even more than supernatural.

The word and thought of the supernatural are very largely due to the eighteenth century, with its idolatry of nature, not only in science which this century has popularized, but in the literary movement associated with such names as Rousseau, Wordsworth and Burns. For the hour it is the literary movement that holds the field. What fills the air to-day is not nature, but humanity. What creates difficulty is not so much historic miracle as human misery. There is a rebound from the objective to the subjective. The ruling note is not law but love, not the head but the heart, not science but literature; and literature not of the classic sort, but of the sort that makes direct appeal to the most untutored sentiments, to the sentiments which are ready rather than great. The note is humanism native or refined; whereas the Gospel, if it remain a matter of

grace and not of course, must be superhuman. The literary man is not a priest except in a literary and unreal sense. Last century the Church had to protect grace against a rational humanism; this century it faces a sympathetic humanism; we confront at once a vaster rationalism in idealism, and a more winsome humanity in æstheticism. Our fathers had to assert grace in a Christendom which believed in law and reason; we have to do it in a world, and even a Church, which believes chiefly in love and pity. Faith then was to see grace as love; now it is to see love as grace. Then God's grace needed interpreting as love; now God's love needs interpreting as grace. Then the Cross needed interpreting by love; now love needs interpreting by the Cross. Faith is not the response to love, but to grace; it is not Christian sympathy, but it is Christian repentance.

The forms of humanism are the æsthetic (or literary) and the philanthropic, and each by itself threatens the Evangelical note. Each would detach love and pity from the moral conditions of sin, and therefore from grace. Each would naturalize Christ's love, and, while enhancing its charm, would reduce its miracle. Each would make religion but the spiritualized man, natural affection etherealized. But to love your enemy and forgive your revilers is a totally new and supernatural affection. It is not a natural affection educated, cultured, and refined. Our note is neither culture nor is it character as the result of culture—even of religious culture. It is the change made by grace as an act of forgiveness, and not as a system of consecration. Christianity needs to some extent to be saved from its own moral success, from a monopoly by those who have been "born good," and reared in the fine law of Christian purity, love, and consideration. And Christianity is the

only religion that can both produce such characters and save itself from being captured and trimmed down even to their delicate legalism.

We cannot, perhaps, insist as our Free Church fathers did, on purity of communion, secured in individual cases by a scrutiny which to many would now seem indelicate, not to say harsh. But we can make it the more of an ideal as we make it the less of a test. And we must insist on the New Testament idea of the miraculous nature of the Christian life, whether we entered on it by a sudden breach with our past or not. Its nature is a standing break with the world in the sense that there is for the soul a decisive difference between the human graces as evolved from nature and as devolved from grace.

One of our chief difficulties when we speak of a gospel of grace rather than of love is the shallowness of the public mind and conscience, its passion for immediacy, its sensibility to the interests of the hour, its impressionism. The kind of thoughts and doubts which prevail in religion belongs to the light of nature and the literary class. It is the pain and waste in nature that suggest question of a God; it is the impulse of the heart that indicate Him. Faith stands or falls by natural sentiment. Some of the booklets that sell by thousands on great themes are not the work of the real thinkers or saints, but of men who have the knack of writing chapters from the rambling heart-history of the intelligent man in the street. The amateurishness, not in thought only, but in experience, on the part of those novelists who hold public attention on some of the great themes is very offensive—as is also a certain jaunty air of pioneers, while they are only turning, and not even threshing, the old, old straw. The serious thinkers are discredited as ponderous pedants, and there is a cant against theology or the-

ological religion. But religion must be either theological or sentimental, and if it is sentimental its life is brief. It has no depth of earth. Christianity was theological and not literary at the first. The theologians are simply the competent in their kind. And while we do not wish to consecrate systems, we do need the guidance of the competent.

Let us educate our ministers. But do not let their education wait for their professional experience. They should be in a better educated position before they begin to educate. And let us not do it by the Press. If ministerial training is not wholly training by blunders, no more is it by courses of novels, essays, and newspapers. Nor is the idol of the Press the ideal of the Church. Much nonsense is spoken about learning to know the heart. That is not the minister's first business, which is to know his Gospel. The Gospel brings with it that knowledge of the heart which stands the preacher in best stead. There is more humanism in the Gospel than there is Gospel in humanism, more literature in the Bible than Bible in literature.

The gospel of grace is superhuman as well as supernatural; it is as much above natural affection as above natural law. The central act of grace is as much beyond the natural heart to do as it is beyond the natural reason to explain. It is a revolution more than an evolution. What is at our Christian centre is more of a miracle than of a law, an idea, or a passion.

Need I say that no word is to be raised against either literature or philanthropy? They are just as necessary to life as faith is, and a living faith which takes hold of the social order is bound to develop them. A caution is only required when their principles and tests are made the final standard of faith and the Christian revelation of grace is required to plead at the bar of culture or benevolence for its right to

command men or its claim to bless them.

II. But what I desire chiefly to say is this. A gospel of grace should come to the Church and society of to-day more as a gospel of authority than as a gospel of freedom.

I do not say that it should come *first* in that form. It need not begin on the keynote. But the keynote should be as I say. Sympathy and freedom are the language of the time, and we must speak that language to be understood. But what the language must convey is a gospel which, in its nature, is the very authority for soul and conscience that the age chiefly needs.

The air is full of freedom. We have more freedom than we know what to do with. Without a clear charter it becomes to many a misery. This was not the case one hundred years ago even. The great political and social victories of the century have placed us in a totally new position. We have realized two things in particular:—a sense of individual freedom and a sense of responsibility for our brother. Yes; but responsibility to whom or to what? On that head we are not so clear. What we need is a power that rules our freedom because He gives it, and a power that accepts and sustains our sacrifice because He inspires it. We need supremely an obedience.

The question of the hour, and still more of the future, is as to the true and final seat of authority.

There is no question so deep and urgent if we will but hear it. It is momentous enough at any time, but it is more pressing now than ever amid the dissolution of so much that used to

pass without question and to be obeyed without demur. It is a question, too, not of Church organization, nor of political forms, nor of coherent creeds, but of the very cohesion of society itself. The bond of control is everywhere relaxed, and there is a recrudescence of faith in those forceful, primitive and external methods of coercion which can extort no more than a sullen submission from our awakened and awakening time. We succeed better with the organizing of society than with the unifying of life. "Fehlt leider auch der geist'ge Band." The traditional creeds and sanctities are shaken; reverence is more æsthetic and formal than really obedient. The rising generation is tutored in independence for its own sake till the child is in the unloveliest sense the father of the man. The rising classes are unfamiliar with history, with experience, with responsibility, human nature, or affairs. The public mind is unready for its own future; it is interested yet distracted upon final problems. The sense of a real authority is not growing so rapidly as the sense of the unreality of what has served as authority. And there is both in the intellectual and the spiritual world an aversion which amounts to impatience towards the spiritual effort and insight for which the real situation calls. The very ethical interests of the hour are not searching except in a few; and they find it difficult to secure a hearing except in plays or tales which do more to reveal the pain than to heal the disease. They raise "ghosts" that they cannot lay.<sup>1</sup>

This question of the final seat of authority is not yet earnestly faced by

<sup>1</sup> Since the above was written I have lighted on the following, which I translate from Eucken's "Grundbegriffe der Gegenwart," p. 315: "Viewed as a whole, the present time shows on the central problems much reflection but little insight. It knows much but it creates little. It has many interests but small power, plenty of elasticity but poor faculty for following out fixed and independent principles. In a word,

it has plenty of talent but little character. It lacks spiritual substance, and with that the feeling for the substantial, the faculty to distinguish the real from the apparent, the sound from the sick. So we have a huge contrast between our tireless, capable, and fertile work in the breadth of things and our total vacuity when it is a question of life in its depth and life as a whole."



Protestantism. We are still misled by the notion that Protestantism is chiefly valuable as a protest against authority in favor of the rights of an individual or a minority. But without a real authority Protestantism is not only a blunder, but it deserves to be a failure. We need an authority more than anything else; and it is the offer of what seems a real authority that is the very life of the anti-Protestant theories of the Church and the counter-Reformation. We shall not hold society for Protestantism unless we can make good an authority more real and more searching than the imposing, spiritual, and subtle authority whose seat is Rome.

## II.

With the Reformation entered the New Age of European culture, the modern mind. By this is not intended culture on its academic or its æsthetic side. That dawned in the Renaissance. What is meant is not *Bildung* but *Kultur*, not merely refinement but progress, not simplicity but complexity, not education so much as civilization. It might sound pedantic to say with the Reformation there burst upon Europe the modern consciousness, but it would be more accurate. Of this consciousness the most striking feature is the universal and passionate assertion of individual freedom and its contents. The general mind has become subjective to a degree never realized in the previous history of the world. We have arrived at the very egoism of humanity, and even its apotheosis. Men are such units as they never were before; but also never was man so much to man. "Man," says Herder, "has no nobler word for his destiny than he himself is." Even the humanism of Greece never made man such an actual power in his world. The great Chorus in the "Antigone" is long outdone. For, while there has gone with this modern

subjectivism some measure of the weakness of introspection and sentiment, it has carried with it much more of control over the world, and much more sense of a right to its conquest. The new inwardness is matched by the new outwardness. We cannot, indeed, say that modern civilization has overcome the world in the finest and most solemn sense of these words. For there are many signs that the world has seduced the soul of its conqueror and shorn his immortal strength away. The spiritual cowardice of their Agnosticism is a singular comment on the bold mastery of the outward world shown by the Progressive and Protestant races. But it remains true that the modern mind is marked by a sense of itself which is as unprecedented as its sense of the world. It is objective in its intelligence and subjective in its passion. The perilous, the fatal thing is that the objective which it feels most is cut off (also in an unprecedented degree) from anything in its nature authoritative. What we know is nothing by which we are known. Our research leaves us with no feeling that we are searched and tried. Our confessions of ignorance grow with our growing knowledge, but they do not leave us humble. The universe crows our mind, but we take it out in a subtler pride. And so we have the chemist, the explorer, and the engineer of the day balanced on their spiritual side by an overweening selfhood represented by Nietzsche. *Das Uebermenschliche* gives way to his *Uebermensch*. The Titan among men claims the same right to beat their morals under his feet as Titanic man has to lord it over the immense world he can range. The world has swelled both *in* man and *for* man, but its growth *for* man has lost in authority what it has gained in extent; therefore the world *in* man has lost its poise, and he becomes his own drunken god and most accomplished Trinculo.

Yet the main course is right. It was inevitable that man should be forced upon that spiritual selfhood which the Reformation brought and perilled on the edge of his individual freedom. No obedience is sound which is not free. The world had long worked in upon him. As Nature or as Empire, as Paganism or Catholicism, it had crushed the soul. It was quite necessary that he should turn and work outward on the world. If the soul was as eternal as the Church had declared it to be, it was bound to realize that it was in command of Time, which was at most but a part of Eternity. But if of Time then of History; and if of History then of an historic Church. The soul claimed the right to revise the Church, and judge the Church, and condemn it—yea, reject it. It could by grace educate its master. If the destiny of the soul was everything, it must surely take its true place one day even over the *paedagogic* institutions which had taught it its royal worth. It is true that the downfall of the old authority left it in a naked and perilous state. The infant self could not but feel in course of time the chill and terror of its new and imperial solitude. The *paedagogia puerilis*, from which Melancthon said Luther had freed the Church, was outgrown only in principle. Even today the release is still far from an actual and complete one, and we have masses of people, increased by the *début* of women on public and *direct* influence, who are psychologically in the Middle Ages still. They flee shivering into the soft, warm air of a church climate, sub-tropical if not torrid, clerical if not priestly, in its prescriptions, guidance and claims. How could it be otherwise? "The monk is always a minor," and the priest tends to be a dwarf. It was a too long tutelage that these exercised in Europe—longer than our three centuries can even yet outgrow. Europe had been immersed in

a spiritual *lycée* till its powers and passions were a man's while its soul remained largely as a child's. Such things are but slowly repaired. With the unity of the church disappeared the power which for a thousand years had been not only an outward authority, but an outward authority of a very inward kind. An institution like that cannot be plucked from the mind that it has so long made without a shock, and a shock which can only be steadied by an authority greater still. And where was that to be found? There was nothing on earth that could claim it; no body had been slowly prepared for it. It could not be transferred. Authority is not easily transferred; it must grow. The new Churches could not claim it, at least in the sense of the old. They arose from a breach of Church authority, they bore the stamp of their origin, and it was not far that they could go in any authoritative claim. So they strove to fall back on two things. They fell back on the authority of the civil power, which made the Church at last the flat appendage of the State that it is in Germany and England to-day. And they fell back upon the Bible. But what was the Bible? The Church had put it there—as a canon at least; and the Church had claimed to interpret it ever since. If another interpretation was offered it must be the result of private judgment and sectional experience. At least, it could not impress itself upon the outer world or against the Church with any greater weight than a personal experience gave. Protestantism, when the glow of its first mighty impulse had cooled, found itself in a condition of spiritual anarchy, which is our dread inheritance and our supreme but not insoluble problem. The Roman Church has not ceased to go forward in the line of its magnificent and unholy audacity. The dogma of Papal Infallibility has in it something sublime

in its self-certitude, to which we can no more refuse a certain æsthetic admiration than we can to Milton's Satan. What has Protestantism with which to confront that, still more bold, commanding and thorough? The disintegration of the Bible, say some cynics. No; but the release of the Gospel from wrong views of the Bible; the growing consolidation of a great Evangelical Church which the sects do not distract but enrich. The Gospel, and the Gospel alone, is the religion of Protestants.

One thing is sure. We can never solve that problem by the silly device of overleaping the Reformation and picking up the Mediæval state of things. Such could only be the view of an archæologist and not an historian, of a cleric and not a prophet. We have, in the teachable part of us at least, learned that history demands a treatment much more informed, respectful and modest than that. The way from Mediævalism *could* only lie forwards through the Reformation. It is not for nothing that these great movements of the spirit take place. And this movement took place to much greater purpose than merely to produce a counter-Reformation and present the world with the Council of Trent. The Reformation struck into the right path. Authority could only be replaced by a religious way. It must remain religious. A religious authority could not be replaced by one rational, political, or individual. A living and present Church must only be superseded by something equally living and near. And the religious way must lie through the subjective realm. Whatever could be done by a religious authority chiefly outward had been done. The new universal could only be found in the soul's interior, in the soul being forced inward and downward upon itself. If there be no universal and final imperative there, there is none anywhere. The Reformation took an indispensable

step, a step that the best work of the Church had made inevitable, when Luther transferred the supreme problem of life to the area of the personal conscience. And though the awful scope of the problem might burst and break the individual soul in the conflict, yet it was in these very ruins that the new life and the new reign arose. The new creation must begin from the soul's chaos and night. Whether you take Peter, Paul, or the Lord of both, the new man arises from a broken man, the new Church from a broken Church, and the victory of faith is on the field of blood. Revolution is an idea more central to the Church's gospel than evolution. The spiritual conflict which had hitherto been waged by the Church as a whole, and softened indefinitely for the individual, had left him, by this consideration for his weakness, too weak to face the world. At least he was unfit to face the terrors of a spiritual world, and the Church could no longer fortify him. The whole moral tragedy of the world was now active into the arena of the single soul and its resources. The soul no less than the faith, the gospel, had come to the dilemma which stakes the whole future upon an "either-or;" and it is upon the decision that the decided make that the gentler and milder, the more harmonious and less thorough souls unwittingly live. So the self-complacency of the soul, yea, its very self-respect, was annihilated; and it was shut up into the new authority of a direct and personal *Redeemer*. A helper was useless. The true Paraclete means much more than that. Ideals but mocked and damned. The soul was driven into such a corner of its interior that the outward had no worth for it except as a miracle—a creative miracle of rescue and grace. It so sank into itself that it could only rise unredeemed—not refreshed but rescued. The mediæval idea of a progressive salvation and

gradual incorporation of the human with the divine was driven out by a complete revolution and a saving catastrophe. The Pelagian and educational idea of salvation was displaced by a decisive and divine intervention. The development of natural goodness or of baptismal grace was no longer the type of salvation, but the radical change effected in personal faith. Sanctification could not be so directly and deliberately worked at without the blight of self-consciousness. Seek first for the kingdom and sanctification will be added; care for Christ, and He will take care of your soul; sail by the Cross and you will sail into holiness. Religion became much more miraculous than evolutionary; but it was a miracle worked on the will, and not on the nature or the substance of the man. And within the soul's agonized extremity there was revealed the new authority in the moral form and nature of an absolute and universal Redeemer. Christ becomes the new conscience and the new King. The Cross and not the Church becomes the new seat of His authority—the Cross as Christ crucified afresh in the Evangelical experience of the desperate soul, and rising anew in its new trust and new life.

By such individualism, individualism was in principle destroyed. In the extreme of personal concern, belittlement and despair, arose a life which was a world in itself. The Redeemer was also the kingdom. To the soul He "became its universe that sees and knows." And a Church of those who are in Christ took the place of a Church of the baptized. A Christ who placed men in a Church took the room of a Church that placed men in Christ. Such is the principle which, as yet, Protestantism has but half actualized. That great movement has fallen under the fate that befell Christianity itself before it was 200 years old. It has been captured by culture, by another free-

dom than the redeemed by another subjectivity than the sanctified. It has become identified with natural and civil progress through friction, with the rejection of all authority, with the assertion of a native independence whose ideal is the healthy stalwart, who never knew what it was to stand in the presence of a superior. There is much that attracts the raw young mind in the manly ideal of an insubordinate rough-rider, who can take a tender turn as hospital-nurse. The uniform of the trained nurse and the red Garibaldian shirt are, indeed, perhaps, the badges by which the democracy of this age might most expressively be symbolized to posterity. And our very churches are more familiar with the idea of giving free scope to the individual and to the young than with the prior and primary obedience of faith as a real act of will and person. The first demand now made of anything that offers itself to faith is not that it shall be the clear will of God according to His one revelation in Christ, but that it shall commend itself to the heart. And by the heart is not meant what Melancthon or Schleiermacher meant by the word, but something which is the joint product of literary and domestic culture, the humane sympathies, and especially the atmosphere of the religious poets of the second rank and the poetic preachers of the first. There is no doubt of the charm of this frame of mind; and Protestantism has arrears to make up in the way of winsomeness. But it is doubtful if even art can live upon charm alone, and it is certain that faith cannot. And it suffers less at last from the absence of immediate sympathy than from the lack of immediate and absolute authority. If Protestantism has failed at all, it is as an obedience; and in so far it has failed to realize its own idea of Redemption. For the first claim of an absolute Redeemer is property in the redeemed,

and absolute control in the first place of their wills and lives. It was faith in this sort that was Christ's constant quest; His demand for affection came second, and could only be met through the more radical faith.

May I here briefly recapitulate what I propose to say in reply to the questions which are raised by our historic spiritual situation?

The real and final seat of authority is Evangelical. It is the Cross of Jesus Christ. Neither soul nor society knows anything as a final authority but Him crucified. The sovereign and the cement of society is the Saviour of the soul. That rules man which rules the conscience; and that rules the conscience which forgives it and redeems. The conscience is not the ruler, but only the ruler's throne. The centre of authority is the world's central moral act, which is the expression of the world's central moral personality and order. It is the act of redemption. It is not the ideal but the Redeemer of the conscience that is its King. The Cross is the seat of moral empire and human unity. There is more unanimity among the saved about the Cross than there is among the enlightened about truth. The believer has an authority for society that the thinker has not. The Church, when it has become truly reformed in its grasp of the gospel, will exercise a power among men denied to the schools. To redeem the conscience is to command society. A sinful humanity is shut up to obey its Savior. The Cross did not, in the first place, lay down a law, announce a truth, or provide an ideal; but it did give practical effect once and forever to God's miracle of grace. It therefore displaces the Bible, the Church, the reason, or the heart as the final authority for human thought, life and liberty. The authority that rules even the Bible is the Gospel for whose sake the Bible exists. By the Evangelical seat

of authority it will be seen that I do not mean the authority that has been invoked by Evangelicalism, but the authority that is given in the nature of the Gospel.

We may say, therefore, that the gospel of grace has this task before it today when we contrast it with its work a century ago. It has to relax its pressure upon thought and knowledge—especially regarding its own history in the world—and it has to increase its pressure on life. It has to sit more loosely to the organization of a creed, and press more heavily for the organization of society. It has to recast creeds, but it has still more to recast society. It has not only to reconstrue the love of God, but to reconstruct society by it, reorganize it into society. It has to move saving interest from the centre of a theological to the centre of a personal and social system. It prescribes a more informed theological freedom, and a more searching moral and social obedience. It offers more room for heresies and less room for schisms, whether as Church sects or as social classes. We have been over-engrossed with the breaches between thinkers, scholars and Churchmen; we have now to repair the breaches between classes and between souls. We have slowly, wisely and indirectly to import into the social world the principles of the brotherly Church: and the tough colossal egoism which has been curbed in the spirit-world of repentance must not seek compensatory scope in the social or industrial world. But the obedience and serviceableness learned in the one must be carried into the other. The communion of saints must become the brotherhood of man; there is no other real meaning in the kingdoms of this world becoming the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ. The conversion of the human soul must mean, in the long run, the conversion of the social and industrial organization to the uses



and principles of the soul. The same God who drew human society out of wild nature by ages of evolution must, out of human society, draw the kingdom of Christ. And the agent of this change is the miraculous Gospel, more miraculous than the appearance of self-consciousness in the evolutionary scale. And the principle of the Gospel is the final and irresistible authority to bend to this end the unruly passion of human self-seeking and self-will. It is one authority, theological or social. That which regulates what we believe inspires and prescribes what we are to do.

### III.

I am to commend my case that the final seat of authority for human society is in the Cross of the Forgiver and the Redeemer; that Christ is King, not as the Son of our Creator, or as the Logos of the Reason, but as our Savior.

And 1. The seat of authority must be sought in the ethical direction rather than in such quarters as would usually be understood as rational. It is only in the practical reason that we find authority; the pure reason has none. There is no truth that we may not criticize; but there is such a person. There is no absolute formal truth, only an absolute person and his act. Science, even theology in so far as it is scientific, owns no truth as final. The absolute is the only final authority, and we touch that by the moral act of personal faith alone. Man is the free creature even more than the rational; the lower animals are more rational than free. And it must be in the region of a distinctive freedom that his King resides; it is there he needs and finds his authority. It exists for free-will rather than for free thought. For knowledge and thought there may be order and limit, but there is no authority, which, in the real, absolute

and final sense, exists for man as moral and not as intellectual. We receive from it our salvation, but not our creed. The truth as it is in Jesus is Jesus as truth. Revelation was in its essence Redemption, an exercise of power rather than persuasion, and the gift of life rather than of truth. The remade man makes his truth out of the new gift of reality, as Paul did. The absolute authority of truth as truth means a reign of orthodoxy which has been one of the calamities of the Church. It is but the rational side of that institution-worship which, in the larger form of Catholicism, has made the Church one of the perils of the world.

The seat of authority must be primarily ethical, and act on the reason only ethically and indirectly. Our great response is an obedience rather than an assent, and our strength is not so much certainty as trust. Our prime need is to know not so much where we have inquired, but in whom we have believed.

2. This ethical authority cannot be merely individual in its action; it must be social: morality has no meaning except through a society. Its word is not for the single conscience, but for the public. Its destination is not a group of wills, but the race. The lord of the soul is the lord of society. A single soul could not be a soul, nor have an eternal Lord. The ruler of a single conscience only would soon cease to rule even that conscience. My king would not forever seem to me royal if he were king only of me. Right for me would lose its right over me if it were not right also for a world of men. A God who is God only of the individuals soon becomes an individual God. We relapse into Theism, which is just individualism obtruded into God. There is no social authority possible on a mere Theistic basis. The individual force of moral authority is due to its social nature and power, to its seat in a



God who is in His nature social, and in His unity manifold, ever triune. "*L'Esprit Saint c'est Dieu social.*"

The seat of authority is not only in the centre of the soul, but of society. This great white throne is set up among men because its roots are in the central society of the Godhead itself.

3. Being social, this moral authority must be historic. It is a rude view which regards society as contemporary alone. The living are but the latest; they are the fringe of society. We are but the outskirts of the race and inhabit the suburbs of Time. The present is but the glowing tip of the past. For moral purposes and the affairs of the soul society includes the dead and their works, heaven, hell and history. The longer the world lives, the more it is ruled by the dead. The majority of us are not with us. Our best wealth is chiefly legacy. I say nothing yet of the way in which we are ruled by the King of the unseen, the Firstborn from the dead.

Moreover, the future lives and works in us. Posterity is a great factor in the present. Heredity has a retrospective action and comes up to us from the future as it descends on us from the past.

There come up the stream  
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.

The conscience of the future determines our action to-day as well as the conscience of the past. The unborn deeply affect the generations that carry them; they affect our tastes, feelings, thought and action. The present has duties and emotions of coming maternity. We were working in the men and movements of old. Parents obey their children in a subtle but real sense. There is in us an ethical presentiment and a spiritual providence, an entail from the anticipated, whereby we build better than we know. We own our solidarity with the future no less than our contin-

uity with the past, and we confess the beneficence to us of the posterity we bless.

It is not in the midst of the present that the seat of authority must be sought, but in the centre of history, of the soul. It is at the focus not of the age but of the race. It is no more limited by the time than by the individual. It is catholic for all time, never antiquated though ancient, and as central at any one point of history as at another. Just because it is central to history it is equally relevant to every age, and the permanent contemporary of all time. If it emerge at any point it is central to all.

4. The moral authority which is final must be not only historic as a matter of fact, but as a matter of essence and principle. It must belong to the very nature and genius of this authority that it be historic. It should not inhabit only a remote world. It cannot rest in heaven; and it cannot realize itself in the mystic depths of the individual; the mystical is too individual to have authority. The true authority must press outward to take effect in events, in action, in history. It is a self-bestowing, self-actualizing authority. The action of the race must not only give it an area but an expression. It "finds itself" in history. It must be authoritative for any age because it chiefly makes the half-conscious age what it is. And so it must be not the past alone, nor the future alone, but something which is the same yesterday, to-day and forever—the same not because equally indifferent to past, present and future, but because equally formal and creative—that is to say, it must be in its nature Revelation. The absolute power over us must be an outgoing, self-giving power, translating itself into man; if it mould the soul it must mould it to its own image. It descends on the soul, descends as a gift, as a self-bequest.

5. If the seat of authority be thus historic and not mystic, social and not individual, ethical and not merely rational, it must stand forth either as an institution or as a person in an act. As a matter of fact it is between these that we are compelled to choose—between a Church and a person. And history has written in the career of Catholicism the result of placing the ultimate ethical authority in the Church as an institution. It is Jesuitism. The conscience of human society is not another society. The Church is not the conscience of the State; nor is the conscience of the Church the kingdom of God even. The kingdom itself is first constituted by the king; and the conscience of society is a personal holy will. Wherever the conscience of the conscience is an institution we lapse into some form of Machiavellianism or Jesuitry, according as the institution is State or Church. No institution can be the conscience of the conscience without debasing it and in the end provoking a saving rebellion. If the conscience cannot be its own authority, it can at least be the death of every usurping authority. Only one Lord can sit this steed.

Conscience is not its own lord, but it is autonomous thus far that its authority must be of its own nature—personal. It is heteronomous indeed; it demands an external authority. But it is an authority external to its range only and not to its nature. And an institution is foreign in its genius to the conscience; it is only a person that is akin. Only a soul can rule a soul, only a will redeem a captive will, only a living person be a source of grace. Holy and blessed as the Church may be, it is but the channel of grace, and therefore only the organ and not the seat of authority.

6. But if the final authority be not an institution then it cannot be a canon, which is in the nature of an institution.

It cannot be the Bible. The canon of Scripture was the work of the Church, and if the Church's work be final for the conscience, then the Church must be. The Bible is really a word of two meanings, with which we unconsciously juggle. It means the canon, and it means the Gospel as the living soul of the canon; and the two things are not the same. There is a great difference between the whole of the Bible and the Bible as a whole. The whole of the Bible is not authoritative, but the Bible as a whole is. The author of the Bible is not authoritative, the soul of the Bible is. But even the Bible as a whole and soul is not, in strictness of thought, the *final* authority. The final authority is the Gospel in the Bible, which is Jesus Christ and Him as crucified. That is within the Bible; but it is to be got out (as I have said) not so much by dissection as by distillation. The Gospel is not a dead portion of the Bible, but its living spirit. The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of all the prophecy of the Bible.

The Bible broke the yoke of the Church; but there are those to whom the Bible itself has become a yoke. They have forgotten that they were the Bible's sons and not its slaves. The Gospel must do for the Bible what the Bible did for the Church. The Bible has an authority that judges the Church; and the Gospel has an authority that judges the Bible. The Gospel made the Bible, and the Gospel must rule it. If the Church had made the Bible, the Church would rule it, and would be its final interpreter. If the Christian consciousness simply had made it, then it would still be at the mercy of the Christian consciousness. But it is not. Neither the Church tradition nor the Christian consciousness is the final appeal. It is the Gospel rather than the Bible, yea, rather than the character of Christ, that is the true last word of God. Christ Himself was

there for the sake of the Gospel—for the work of grace and the word of Redemption. The value of the Bible is not primarily for theology, but for Redemption. It is there as an expression and witness of Christ in His saving work. The real solvent which is acting on the Bible at this moment is Christ and the power of His Resurrection. It is the vast and growing action of Christ's redemption that is rending the gorgeous tomb and raising the lovely stone of Scripture, lest we should only embalm the Lord in His shrine. The Bible does not exist for the schools, but for the Church, and especially for the practical function of the Church with the world, its salvation. It is not there for sacred culture or sacred science, but for Christ and His one purpose of Redemption. Its authority is due to its place and function in the service of the Gospel. The final authority is the Redeemer. The Bible is authoritative only in so far as it conveys and serves His redeeming work and purpose. It is regulative neither for science nor history, but for the soul. Its key and goal is the Gospel, as God's forgiving act in Christ. And the varying value of each part is proportionate to its nearness and directness to this central aim. The touchstone of every book and passage is Christ, as Luther said; but it is Christ, not as the perfect character, but as the sole theme that Paul would know, Christ as the crucified Redeemer. "Back to Christ," is a sound call; but it would mislead us if it meant merely back to His teaching as our norm and His character as our ideal. His teaching, as precept at least, does not cover all the moral ground, even where it is clear; and His character means for modern ears such a biography as we have not and never can have. Back to Christ means back to the Gospel as it is in Christ, and especially in His atoning death. The supreme commentary on the Gospels is

the Gospel, as the key to Christ's life in His death.

We are free, nay, forced, therefore, to deal critically with all the parts of the Bible under the ruling principle of Redemption. That principle prescribed both the power and the limitations of the Redeemer Himself; and it cannot but determine the scope and limits of the record. The critics may teach us to *place* each part; but we measure and weigh it by its contribution to that principle and end. Christ in the Bible judges the Bible, as the conscience in us judges us. The authority for the Bible is not the conscience, but that which is the authority for the conscience also. It is the Redeemer of the conscience, who, through the redeemed conscience, sent forth the Bible to make just such claims upon men as the Redemption that produced it—no less but no other. Both the Bible and Church are products of the Gospel, and they exercise what authority they have as servants of the Gospel. And the servant is not above his Lord, nor even near His level. Both Bible and Church may be the means of our faith, but neither is the ground of our faith. If Protestantism have any meaning it is that the ground of our faith is identical with the object of our faith—which is God reconciling the world in the Cross of Christ. The reformation was not the rediscovery of the Bible chiefly, but of Christ. The Reformation was not the rediscovery of the Bible chiefly, but of the Gospel in the Bible. And it stood not for the supremacy of conscience, but for the rescue of the conscience by the supremacy of Christ in it. And of Christ in it, not as the supreme Rabbi to solve cases, but as the author and principle of a new life and spirit which solves cases age after age by an indwelling grace, and truth and love, and light, and power.

7. My drift has already escaped. There is but one authority which cor-

responds to all the conditions I have named, that is ethical, social, historic, personal, living and present. It is revealed, absolutely given, and forever miraculous to human thought as the divine forgiveness always must be. It is the grace of God to us sinners in the Cross of Christ that is the final moral authority as being the supreme nature and act of the supreme moral Being. And it is forever a wonder to human thought except in so far as it has made in man its own thought. It is not irrational, it is rational; but it is not in reason to realize its own deep nature and content till it is redeemed. And the Redemption of Christ not only satisfies the natural conscience which is its herald, but it opens to it a new world even within itself. The thoughts of many hearts are revealed as well as the purpose of God. It provides a new standard and ideal which it guarantees as the final reality and *therefore* the final authority. It reveals in the conscience new needs, and raises it to appreciate the moral value and right of a doctrine like Atonement, which to its mere light of nature seemed strange and incredible.

The grace of God to the conscience in the historic but perennial Cross of Christ must be the one source of morals and the final seat of authority to a race that is redeemed or nothing—redeemed or lost. Natural and theological ethics may be separated for convenience of academic discussion; but in the final experience of the race there is no ethic but a theological. All morals are but academic which fail to recognize that the greatest fact in social ethics is also the most formidable and intractable. It is the fact of sin and guilt. We must take man in his actual historic situation; and if we do this the so-called natural conscience does not exist. It is an abstraction; and what exists is the historic product, the sinful conscience. So much as that Solidarity

and Heredity may teach us. If, then, we so take man, whoever masters that fact of sin is master, effective and sole master, of the conscience, and so of the whole of human life, of history and of society. The Redeemer from moral death is the seat of authority for all mankind, in their affairs as in their faith. For practical purposes, on the collective human scale, on the scale of the whole passionate, actual soul, we must deal with the evangelical conscience, shaped by faith in the Redeemer, when we ask for the seat of final authority for the race. The ethics of the future must be the explication of the Cross—and of the Cross understood as a gospel and not as an ideal, as an atonement and not as a classic sacrifice.

8. I would present the matter, in fine, from this point of view, and indicate how it is only a deep and expiatory view of Atonement that invests Christ with this final moral claim, or the Cross with its ultimate authority.

The whole race is not only weighted with arrears but infected with a blight. The train of history is not simply late, but there has been an accident, and an accident due to malice and crime. We struggle not only with misfortune but with a curse. The total and ultimate moral situation of the race is not moral only but religious. It is a spiritual and not only an ethical crisis. The malady and the remedy are religious both. The Lord and Master of the race is not merely "a self-transcending goodness," even if we regard that goodness as personal and ideal. He is a Redeemer. He not only *embodies* goodness, and startles us with the wonder and love of our ideal selves, but He *intervenes* with His goodness as the only condition of our release, and of our power to fulfil ourselves and share His life. My King and Lord is not only my helper, but He who gives me back the life I had thrown away and lost the power to re-

gain. My Sovereign deigns to contend with rebel me, and, when He has disarmed me, gives me back my sword and takes me into His service. And He is especially and absolutely King and Lord when we realize *how* He became Redeemer, what is the nature of the moral act by which He saved the spiritual situation of the race. His authority does not rest simply on our grateful sense of His kindness. It is not alone that we are melted and mastered by the spectacle of His tender mercy and His love that will not let us go. It has a more objective ground. That is too subjective and unstable for a seat of authority universal and spiritual, absolute and eternal. Nor does it rest on our admiring sense of His goodness. It is not that He produces on us the impression of one who incarnates excellence, concentrates human worth, anticipates in Himself the moral future of humanity, and sets it forth as an ideal to man and a surety to God. All that is fine, but for the purposes of the conscience and its absolute authority it is too æsthetic. He remains still outside the living centre, conflict and tragedy of the will. The seat of His absolute authority is neither in our wonder, fascination, nor gratitude. He is not King because He personalizes the divine life. Nor is He our Master because He incarnates the holy law; for that would be but condensing in a personality the very power our sin had most reason to dread. *Holiness* becomes even more terrible in the Holy One. But He redeemed us from the curse of the law being made a curse for us. He satisfied for us that holy law which our sin could break but never unseat, whose wounded claim no future obedience or even penitence of ours could ever extinguish, which at once lifts us from the dust and grinds us to powder, which it is our dignity to touch and our misery to remember, on which the most Titanic human defiance dashes in

vain, and which masters our loudest freedom with a quiet inextinguishable irony and a slow inevitable judgment. That was our absolute master as Christ found us. And that was the judgment that He absorbed in His holy love. By extinguishing through loving sacrifice the claims of this law He became their reverser over us. Our High Priest became our final judge. He took over in His person the lien held on our sinful conscience by all the moral order of the world and all the holy righteousness of God. He acquired the claim He extinguished. He became our moral world, our spiritual realm. By His complete obedience to God's holy law He is identified with it in its immovable right over us, and so He becomes in Himself and His redeeming act the moral master of the race. Because He took man's judgment He became man's judge. Because He exhausted the curse He acquired the monopoly of blessing. He who met the whole law became the law's lord. And the lord of the law of the conscience is for conscience its king. He is the conscience of the conscience because He is the redeeming conscience of Holy God. He is thus the fountain of moral honor and the centre of spiritual authority forever. He would be supreme indeed if our orderly moral nature were only constituted in Him; but He is absolutely and forever supreme because our disordered nature is in Him redeemed. And the moral authority of society has at the long last only an Evangelical base.

A true and deep Evangelicalism, therefore, is not a party in the Church, but it is the very being of the Church. The coming Church must be an Evangelical Church. While she has this note the Church has the secret of the social future. Everything turns on the Cross and the nature of the Cross's grace. Is the spiritual power of society the moral mastery of Christ's Cross?



There is no question in the world so vital to society as this of the spiritual power. The temperance question, the sexual question, the war question, the Irish question, the negro question, the question of labor, the question of the proletariat, and other such are most grave and pressing. But none of them are so grave and deep, in the long run, as the question of the spiritual power. Society coheres with many abuses, but it cannot remain society without a spiritual power. What shall that be, and where is its seat? It is really the Church question. No question of philanthropy, however urgent and moving we feel it, has the importance of this. For it has the future and permanence of philanthropy itself within it. It is possible to vulgarize any question, and more easy the greater, finer, and subtler it is. And the Church question is much vulgarized. The No-Popery cry can be vulgar enough. But the issue is great and spiritual enough to outlive all that. It will be always with us, and always nearer. It is not extinct, it is only in abeyance. It retires for a longer leap. That the Christian question is a social question is now a truism in theory, though it is not yet a commonplace of practice. But that does not mean that it passes from the Churches to the politicians, economists, and socialists. It means rather that by the will of Christ the Christian problem cannot be solved except by a Christian society—by a Church. And it means that we must be more concerned to choose between the various Churches, especially between the two great Western Churches, the Catholic and the Protestant, the theurgic and the Evangelical, the magical and the moral; for with one of them the social future lies, social authority and social safety; and it does not lie with the other. What lies with the other is social collapse. We must work in a Church. Mere individual efforts at

social reform, if they are very radical, are but Quixotic, and break fruitless and miserable on the entrenchments of wrong. To change the world convert the Church. It is through a society that the Saviour wills to save society, and when we make our choice we have but to ask which Church gives effect to the New Testament Cross, to the moral authority of the Spiritual Cross. Which is built on the Gospel as I have explained it—as an act and a power, rather than a creed? Which has that authority? Which, therefore, has the divine commission? Is it the Church whose secret is in its organization or in its Gospel, which is institutional or moral, which is graceful in its sacraments or sacramental in its grace, whose word asks for mere assent or for the obedience of faith, whose authority has its seat on a venerable spot of earth or utters its still more venerable and awful voice seated in the centre of the redeemed conscience? We must have for these days an authority which is *in its nature* emancipatory and not repressive, empowering and not enfeebling. That authority is the Redeemer's. The object of human faith must be the source of human freedom, individual or social. Society can only be saved by what saves the soul. The Evangelical contention is that that object of faith is the Redeemer, directly and alone. It is the straitness of the Cross that is the condition of critical, speculative and social freedom for the world. The Church of the future is the Church of one article, which has the simplicity of a whole and the greatness of the soul. And the concentration of the Evangelical Churches upon that infinite and creative point of Redemption alone is the one answer by which Protestantism can meet a claim so bold, thorough, and commanding as the dogma of Papal Infallibility. Mere Catholicism is powerless against Vaticanism, which is Catholicism made perfect.



Our Gospel is not the property of a religious group, however large, or of a religious organization, however hoary. But it is the one public power, the one person, by which human society is saved, not only for God but for itself. It is society that is being saved, and

not only a group of individuals, an elect out of society. And the one saving power is the living Word and Gospel of Jesus Christ—the crucified, risen, and royal Redeemer, who is over all and blessed forevermore.

*P. T. Forsyth.*

*The Contemporary Review.*

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BALLADE OF A QUIET ROMANTICIST.

Daylong, for a scanty wage,  
Caged, I drive a weary quill;  
But at eve my head's a stage  
Where a thousand actors drill.  
Swords are glancing, fifers shrill,  
Silks and jewels gleam and shine,  
Flutter flounce and ruff and frill—  
And the hero's part is mine.

All for me the fair and sage  
Juliet's at her window-sill;  
Bold Sir Brian lifts my gage,  
Whose false blood my sword shall spill;  
O'er my body stiff and still  
Enid tears her hair divine;  
Bells are tolled and cities thrill—  
And the hero's part is mine.

Gentle, simple, knight or page,  
Every ruffler's skin I fill;  
Yea, and charm this modern age  
With sublime detective skill;  
Wheresoever knaves plot ill,  
Virtue sinks, fair maids repine,  
There am I to help or kill—  
And the hero's part is mine.

ENVOI.

Prince, I envy not your chill  
State and ceremonial fine.  
While Romance has all her will,  
And the hero's part is mine.

*Chambers's Journal.*

*Walter Hogg.*

## THE PERISHING LAND.\*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE FRENCH OF RENE BAZIN.

## VII.

## 'DRIOT'S RETURN.

For a fortnight Fromentière lived upon the words, "'Driot is coming back." Work had been resumed the day after their calamity befell. A farm-hand, hired by the father at Saint-Jean-de-Mont—a raw-boned, long-legged creature, with haunches as flat as his cheeks, had taken the place of Jean Nesmy, and now slept in the little loft above the stable.

Marie-Rose took upon her single self all the work which had hitherto devolved upon the two sisters: the house-keeping, the cooking, the making of butter and bread. She rose earlier than before, and went later to bed. She had always harbored beneath her white cap a notion that it was wrong to dwell too much upon the past, and she now displayed everywhere the silent activity which had been so dear to the farmer in old Luminette. Mathurin himself offered to take charge of the turkeys and the half-wild ducks which were a part of the produce of Fromentière. Every morning, with a bag slung over his shoulders, he dragged himself down to the nearest ditch in the Marais, and flung his burden of rusty wheat or buckwheat into the shallow water in the broader space, where were made fast the two punts that belonged to the farm. Then, over the meadow-grasses, the gray and the blue-winged ducks with the double gash on the right side of their beaks, which marked them as the property of Lumineau, came flying to their meal, and one after another plunged beneath the water. The cripple whiled away

hours in watching them; and sometimes he would creep into one of the boats and, sitting or kneeling, would propel the punt a little way, endeavoring to recover that swift and sure management of the pole, which had once made him famous among the punters of the district.

Toussaint Lumineau rejoiced when he saw his son putting off a little way from the farm, and consenting, as it were, to have his mind diverted from its everlasting regret.

"If he can but take to punting again," said the father, "how good it will be for him and for us all."

But his chief talk with Mathurin, with Rosette, with the farm-servant, the passers-by, his oxen, and even with himself sometimes, when he was all alone, was of the child who would soon be coming home. Youth and help and joy were to return, in his person, to sad Fromentière. At the family meals nothing else was talked about. "Only twelve days more!" "Only ten!" "Only seven!"

"I shall go to Challans to meet him," observed Lumineau.

"I'll make him a seed-cake," said Rosette. "He used to like them so much before he went into the army."

"And I," said Mathurin, "the very first time he goes in the punt to visit a friend, I'll go with him."

"And what stories he will have to tell us," resumed Rosette. "Even when he was at home on leave he had no end of them. I shall never have the time to hear them all, but I shall send him to you Mathurin! It

will make such a change in the house—having some one who has a great deal to tell!" And she added, with the sober air of one who has the household expenses to look after:

"And we shall have to change, too, father, for we must buy a newspaper every Sunday. André will miss it if we do not. He will want to keep up with the times."

"He's young yet," said the farmer, apologetically.

Everything that André Lumineau had liked, everything that vividly recalled him, everything that was anticipated from his return, was discussed repeatedly in the living-room at Fromentière with a warmth of feeling that diffused itself through all the space, and touched the smoky rafters like a caress.

And yet no one had ever told the returning son, on whom all their hopes were set, of the departure of François and Eleanore. Partly because writing was a laborious act, and partly out of pity and the wish to spare him pain, the misfortune was concealed which had so sadly diminished the number that would be there to welcome him home. Nobody knew how he would take the absence of the favorite brother, the playmate of his boyhood. It would be better to break it to him gently when he came.

At last there came a letter post-marked Algiers, and giving them the stages of the return journey, day by day. And thereafter, at intervals of twenty-four hours, somebody or other under the elms of Fromentière would speak out the word that was the thoughts of all. "'Driot must be leaving Algiers about this time." "'Driot is on the sea." "He is taking the railway at Marseilles." "He's in France, by now, children!"

And so on until the last Saturday in September, when Toussaint Lumineau gave a double feed of oats to the red mare and pulled out of the barn the

tilbury whose wheels were painted red. It was a relic of bygone prosperity, this tilbury, and as well known in all the countryside as the round head, the white hairs, and the straightforward look of Lumineau himself. To see him who had smiled so seldom of late harnessing the mare almost gaily, made Rosette ready to weep without knowing why—as she felt inclined to do on the return of spring. When her father had buckled the last strap, he put on his best waistcoat with the high collar fastened above his coat, his broad blue Sunday belt, and slipped into his pocket a couple of cigars that had cost a sou apiece—a luxury he seldom permitted himself in these days.

He then climbed into the vehicle and touched the mare, who set off at such a pace that an instant later the rosette at the side of her jaunty head was gleaming like a field poppy carried away on the wind. Redstocking was of the party, his master having shouted to him as they turned into the road: "I'm going for 'Driot! Come along!" And the shaggy little beast, with a gallop like that of an ungainly wolf, went tearing after the mare. They were soon at Challans, where the farmer threaded the streets without slackening speed. Merely nodding, as he passed, to mine host of the *Hotel des Voyageurs*, or returning the salute of certain shopkeepers in such a manner as clearly to mark the superiority of a farmer-at-the-halves over any tradesman, sitting bolt upright, and holding his reins taut, he made for the railway station, nearly a mile beyond the town, while the good folks remarked when he had passed: "He's going to fetch his boy! Well, well;—he's had his troubles, and now he has a bit of good luck!"

The mare being decidedly lively, Lumineau descended from the tilbury in the station yard and held her by the head. He could see from where he

stood the rails running to a point in the direction of La Roche,—the route by which one of his sons had gone, and another was coming back to Fromentière. Nor had he long to wait. The locomotive rushed in with a shriek; the farmer had all he could do to hold the terrified mare. The foremost of the travellers began to issue from the train. There were burghers of Challans, sailors on leave, fish-dealers from Saint-Gilles or the Sables, and last of all came a handsome cavalry-man,—a slender fellow, with his cap over one ear and his blonde mustaches turned up, who cast one inquiring glance round the station yard, then laughed and sprang forward with outstretched arms:

"Why, it's father himself! How jolly! Holloa, papa!"

And the careless bystanders beheld two men embracing in broad daylight, and hugging one another almost to suffocation.

"My 'Driot!" cried the old man. "How glad I am!"

"And so am I, papa!"

"Not so glad as I am. Ah, if you did but know!"

"Know what?"

"I'll tell you all about it presently. But, oh, my 'Driot, it is good to see you!"

They disengaged themselves from one another's arms, and André said, as he readjusted his cap:

"You really ought to have plenty to tell me, I have been away so long! Great news, perhaps. Well, I shall get it, by degrees, on the road to Fromentière. It's better than writing, at all events!" and the young soldier laughed and threw back his blonde head.

The father could barely force a smile, as they sprang at the same moment into the tilbury, one on either side, as though they had been of the same age.

"Let me drive," said the son, and, seizing the reins as he spoke, he

clucked to the mare, who pricked up her ears and executed a playful gambol or two, just to show that she recognized her young master, then settled into a long trot, with head held high and sparkling eyes, and had soon distanced all the omnibuses, which regularly raced one another when they returned empty to their respective hotels. In the streets those who had already greeted the farmer, and some others, were looking out for the return of the pair: laundresses at their ironing-tables, the little milliner from Nantes, who always came at the opening of every season to take orders from the dames of Challans, tradesmen at the doors of their shops, peasants who had put up their horses in the hotel-stables. They were all interested in the soldier's return, and rather flattered than otherwise to be recognized by the Lumineau family. But the red mare trotted so fast that the farmer had barely time to replace his hat between two bows, and words like these were borne backward on the breeze created by the vehicle as it passed:

"That's the one who has just come back from Africa! Handsome lad, and how well he looks in his blue coat! And isn't the old man happy?"

The farmer pressed close to his recovered child. In the middle of the last street of Challans, beside a hedge that was shedding its leaves all over the way, he stuck his big fingers into a side-pocket, and called the attention of 'Driot to those two expensive cigars, which he had provided before starting. "With all my heart!" cried the youth, and slackened the mare's rein a little while he lighted one of the cigars. He took a few whiffs, and then as the stony fields, and the hillsides clothed with gorse, and the round-topped elms came into view, and his heart melted under the charm of the familiar landscape, André, who had been a little too proud to talk

freely in public, suddenly put the question: "And how are they all at home?"

A deep line came between the old man's eyebrows, and he turned his face away toward the open country, distressed at the bad news he had to tell, and very doubtful of its effect upon this fine young soldier.

"My poor boy," said he, "there's nobody there but Mathurin and Rosette."

"Where's François?"

"You'll hardly believe me when I tell you that he left Fromentière a fortnight ago, and went to work on the railway at La Roche. And Eleanore, fancy! went with him to be a waitress in a café."

"You must have turned them out," said the young man, taking the cigar from his mouth, and fixing his eyes on his father. "They never would have been such fools as to leave you for that kind of place!"

The father felt a thrill of joy as he heard these words. His 'Driot understood! His 'Driot was with him!

"No," he replied, returning his son's look steadily, "it was only that they were both lazy and wanted to earn money without work; ingrates that they are, to desert an old man! And then, you know, François likes to be amused, and ever since he came back from his regiment, he has had a longing for the town—"

"I know; and I can understand liking the town," replied André, touching the mare with the whip-lash. "But to oil wheels, or to fetch drinks in a café! However, people must go their own way in this world! It's to be hoped they'll succeed. But you don't know what it means to me to think that François is gone. I was counting so much on working with him!"

He continued for some seconds to lean forward as though his thoughts were entirely concentrated on the delicate and quivering ears of the mare. Then he said, in his affectionate voice:

"Are we so awfully poor, father?"

"We're a little hard pressed, my boy, but it will be better now you have come."

André made no immediate answer. He was in fact scanning the horizon in quest of a certain slated steeple, and a well-known group of trees, not yet plainly visible. His heart was already at home.

"At all events," he said, at length, "Rosette is there! She was growing pretty, even before I left, and such a spirited little puss! You can't imagine how much I thought of her when I was in Africa! I tried to fancy her looks. Is she as taking as ever?"

"She looks well enough," replied the farmer.

"Eh? She's a good girl, I hope? There's one, surely, who will never take service in an inn!"

"No, I don't think she would."

The handsome soldier-boy drew the mare in slightly, first because they had come to a turn where the road descended, and then to get a view down the long slope of the Marais of Vendée, which lay before them like a spacious ocean bay. He had been only once at home during his three years of military service, and now he beheld with growing emotion the poplar-planted islets, and the low red-roofs half submerged in the sea of grass. His eye travelled from one to another, and his lips trembled a little as he named them. For the moment he could feel nothing but the joy of coming back.

"There's Parée-du-Mont! What's become of the oldest Ertus boy?"

"He's no good at all, my son! He has a place in the Custom-House."

"And Guérineau from Pinconnière, who was in the 32d regiment of the line?"

"He's off, like François. He's a tramway conductor at Nantes."

"And Dominique Perrocheau from Levrelles?"

The farmer shrugged his shoulders a little angrily. It was really too bad to have always to make the same answer:—"He's off too! Another traitor to the Marais." But there was no help for it.

"You heard, I suppose, that he got his gold stripes at the end of his first furlough? So then he served another term, and after that they got him some kind of a clerk's place under government. They're a poor lot, all of them, 'Driot.'"

"Ah, there's *Terre-Aymont*!" exclaimed André. "It doesn't look so far off as it used! I can see their grist-mill. Say, father, what are those two boys doing? One was older than I and one younger; and I liked them both."

Toussaint Lumineau's face brightened. "They are both farming. The elder has bought off the other. They are good fellows, and not afraid of work. You'll see them Sunday, at mass, at *Sallertaine*."

The son laughed good-naturedly, saying with soldierly levity: "Yes, I expect I shall have to take up going to mass again! We didn't fash ourselves much about our devotions over yonder! The reviews were often ordered for a Sunday, and the generals did not care about such things,—as you do. But I shall soon fall into the way of it, father; even of *High Mass*! It's not that I shall mind!"

Both remained silent after this until another turn of the road brought *Fromentière* into full view upon their left. Springing forward by a simultaneous impulse the father and son both grasped the dashboard of the tilbury, and gazed at the domain, while the red mare followed her own devices. André turned pale under a rush of complicated feelings—tender, honorable, painful. The country welcomed back her child, and all his youth awoke and spoke to him out of these visible objects, all impregnated with its associations.

Every clod of earth cried good morning to the wanderer. The reeds in the ditches and the branching elms all smiled upon him like old friends, but every one of them also spoke to him of the brother and sister who were there no more.

Without ever removing his eyes from *Fromentière* he murmured, naming no names: "I shall go and see them at *La Roche*, of course! But that's not like having them here!"

A moment later he was inside the court-yard lifting off her feet his little *Rosette*, who had run out to meet him. The soldier whom camp life had made suspicious of women looked deep into the girl's eyes, but, seeing them frank and clear, only a little sad, he kissed her tenderly, and then set her down.

"You're the same as ever, my little sister, and that's well! A trifle down-hearted, maybe, because you have lost '*Leonore*.'"

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, I know! But you've me, at all events, and we'll try to get on without those two!"

"And what about me?" said a hoarse voice.

The soldier left *Rosette* and hastened to meet *Mathurin*.

"Don't hurry, old fellow!" he cried. "Let me do the running! I have two good legs!"

André leaned above the crutches and caressed the shock of yellow hair, but could not think of one consoling word.

Fresh from his military life, where all were young, brisk, agile, he could hardly hide the distress bordering upon horror which *Mathurin's* infirmity occasioned him.

Hard pressed, however, by the unuttered importunity of the invalid, "What do you think of me? How do I look to you, as you come back? Can I live?" he managed to say:

"I'm delighted to see you, too, old man! You're no worse?"



The cripple pushed him back with his shoulder in evident offence.

"I'm a great deal better," he said shortly, "as you will see. I can stand upright as well as I could three years ago, when I expected to get well. And to begin with, I'm going with you to-morrow to mass at Sallertaine."

To avoid answering, the soldier turned toward his father, who had unharnessed the mare and was crossing the court-yard with a beaming face, and a step that was almost buoyant, having eyes only for his 'Drilot. They started for the house together, but the farmer fell back, yielding precedence to his boy upon this happy day; and the active young soldier strode forward, pleased to be observed and deferred to by them all, and as full of curiosity as though it had been his first visit. He did not sit down, but promenaded from room to room in his blue and red uniform which looked so strange in that household of husbandmen. He made his voice ring through the old rooms to amuse his hearers, and went purposely knocking up against angles to show the straitness of the stone barriers within which he was henceforth to be confined. He peered into the buttery-hutch and cut himself a slice of bread, saying as he munched it, "That's better than the Algiers bread, I can tell you, friends! It is Rosette's baking, I'll wager, and it's perfect! We've got a capital little mistress for the farm."

From the house he went into the stables and barns, always followed by his father, Mathurin and Marie-Rose.

"I don't remember those oxen."

"No, my boy! I bought those last winter at the fair at Beauvoir."

"But I'll bet I can guess their names from their looks. That big pompous yellow one is Noblet, and the little red one is Matelot."

"You've hit it exactly," cried the father.

"The others, the old ones, haven't

changed a hair, except that their horns are a little thicker. The plough ought to take hold well when they draw it! How are you, Paladin? How are you, Cavalier?"

At the sound of that young voice the good creatures looked up from where they lay amid the dung, stretched their necks and followed André with their dreamy eyes.

Next he pulled up and examined a handful of green fodder.

"That's good maize for the season," he said. "It came from our upland. Was it from the quail-fields?"

"No."

"Then it must have been from the adjoining one—where every seed that is planted always comes up. A fine piece—that!"

The farmer answered for his oxen, his fields, everything; overjoyed to find that the last of his sons, after three years of absence, still loved the land.

Nevertheless, the laughter of the fine cavalryman was a little forced, and there were sad thoughts in his mind during this visit of inspection, though he studiously concealed them. He pretended not to see in the shed the traps for catching black-birds which François had made the winter before. There was a finely-rounded rick of new straw on the threshing-floor, and stuck upon its very summit a bouquet of faded flowers.

"It was François who gathered those," he murmured. "You can't think, Rosette, what it is to me to miss François from Fromentière."

The father did not hear him. He had gotten back his child, and the future of Fromentière was assured. When they had all returned to the living-room he passed his hand affectionately over the soldier's blue waistcoat. "You look well in it," he said, "but I dare say you'll not mind getting out of your military toggery."

"Oh, no," answered André, laughing

at the epithet and at his father's covert invitation.

"I'm not dressed in Sallertaine fashion, but you'll soon see me so!"

From the large box at the foot of the bed where he was to sleep that night in the most distant of the bedrooms, André drew forth a working-suit which had been packed away there since the day when he left the farm. He twisted the corners of his moustache coquettishly, turned up the brim of his hat and stuck in his button-hole a sprig from the jasmine vine that wreathed the window. Thus arrayed he went back and opened the kitchen door, whose old posts thereupon framed a picture of the prettiest fellow in all

the Marais of the Vendée: tall and slender, even in his plaited blouse, fair-haired, brown-visaged, happy in the happiness of others.

"Oh, 'Driot," cried his father in high glee. "Now, I've got you back indeed! You were my boy before, but not so much so as now! Come and take a drink with us."

He added presently:

"We'll drink to your health, and that you may live long at Fromentière. I'm getting to be an old man, and you shall succeed me here."

Mathurin's face turned dark. The glasses were filled, and he lifted his with the rest, but he did not click against André's.

*(To be continued.)*

### THE GOING OF THE BATTERY.

November 2, 1890. Late at night, in rain and in darkness, the 73rd Battery, R.F.A., left Dorchester Barracks for the War in South Africa, marching on foot to the railway station, where their guns were already entrained.

#### *(Wives' Voices.)*

Rain came down drenchingly; but we unblenchingly

Trudged on beside them through mirk and through mire,  
They stepping steadily—only too readily!—

Scarce as if stepping brought parting-time nigher.

Great guns were gleaming there—living things seeming there—

Cloaked in their tar-cloths, uposed to the night;

Wheels wet and yellow from axle to fellow,

Throats blank of sound, but prophetic to sight.

Lamplight all drearily blinking and blearily

Lit our pale faces outstretched for one kiss,

While we stood prest to them, with a last quest to them

Not to court perils that honor could miss.

Some one said, "Nevermore will they come! Evermore

Are they now lost to us!" O, it was wrong!

Howsoever hard their ways, some Hand will guard their ways—

Bear them through safely—in brief time or long.

Yet—voices haunting us, daunting us, taunting us,

Hint in the night-time, when life-beats are low,

Other and graver things. . . . Hold we to braver things—

Wait we—in trust—what Time's fulness shall show.

London Graphic.

*Thomas Hardy.*

## ÆTHERIC TELEGRAPHY.

At length we have got an intelligible name for a thing that has been egregiously misdescribed, and about which a great deal of nonsense has been both talked and written during the past year or two. "Wireless Telegraphy" is so complete a misnomer that it is marvelous it should still continue to be used as a heading in the newspapers, and this in spite of the emphatic declaration of Professor Sylvanus P. Thompson that "there is no such thing as telegraphing without wires." True, a cable has not been used in telegraphing across the Channel, but wires have been used either as a "base-area" on either side or in the shape of vertical conductors. In his earlier experiments with this system of telegraphy, Sir W. H. Preece used parallel lines of wire on either side of the space to be crossed. In March, 1895, the Post Office cable connecting the island of Mull with the mainland was broken, and as some time might elapse before the repairing ship could reach the locality, communication was set up with the island by means of ætheric telegraphy. A gutta-percha covered copper wire, one and a half miles long was specially laid along the Argyllshire coast, and the ordinary iron wire connecting Craignure and Aros in Mull was used. The mean distance separating the two wires was about three miles, so that there was probably as much wire laid down on either side as the distance to be crossed. There was no difficulty in communicating, and both public and press telegrams were regularly transmitted until the cable was repaired. A year later—*i. e.*, in 1896—a cable was laid for the War Department, from Lavernock, near Cardiff, to the island of Flatholm in the Bristol Channel. There are two important forts protecting the Channel

at these two points, and as the cable crossed a very much frequented route and an anchorage ground, it was speedily broken. The communication being very necessary, the cable was replaced early in 1898, by an ætheric telegraph, and since that time communication has been maintained uninterruptedly, and is in daily use by the soldiers who work it. Here, again, the base-area, or parallel wire system, was used, and, in fact, the saving of a cable may be said to have been attended with a practical increase of the "land lines."

In Marconi's system the vertical conductor is used—*i. e.*, the wires are carried upwards instead of longitudinally. This is an essential feature of the system, so far as it has been developed at present, and it determines the distance to which signals can be transmitted. A conductor twenty feet high will signal well to a distance of a mile, forty feet to four miles, sixty feet to nine miles, one hundred feet to twenty-five miles, and one hundred and twenty feet to thirty-six miles. The height of the conductors used in the Boulogne experiment was one hundred and fifty feet; those used between Alum Bay, in the Isle of Wight, and Poole, a distance of eighteen miles, were eighty feet high. The law, as determined by experiment, is this: that the distance increases as the product of two vertical conductors of different heights; in other words, the law of the square when the lengths of the two conductors are alike. While it would be possible to carry on communication to comparatively great distances by means of the "base-area," or parallel line method, it is obvious that there must be a speedy limit to the vertical conductor principle, which is necessary to the success of the Marconi system. When communication

with Paris was talked of, it was proposed to use the Eiffel Tower as the "landing place" on the French side, but there is no corresponding elevation on this side, and the experiment was abandoned. If it had come off, it would have been a much more crucial test than anything which had yet been attempted. But the Marconi system has not yet entered upon the crucial stage, even if the ignorant public have parted with their cable shares in case it should be found possible to telegraph all over the world "without wires." One wonders what the height of the vertical conductor would require to be in order to communicate, say, with Malta or Gibraltar, or even with Jersey or John O'Groats! As these pages go to press arrangements are approaching completion for a practical demonstration in the working of the "wireless telegraph" between Manchester and Blackpool in connection with the National Health Congress. Receivers are to be fixed on the Manchester Town Hall and on the top of the Blackpool Tower, and the distance to be covered is said to be twenty miles further than any previous successful experiments. This will be a more or less crucial test, not only because of the greater distance to be covered, but because of the nature of the space to be crossed. For, as Sir W. H. Preece has pointed out, the effects are distinctly best when signalling across the clear space covering the sea, which, like a sheet of metal, reflects the Hertzian waves set in motion by the Marconi process. Clearly the curvature of the earth as well as the absorbing influence of the earth upon electric waves, must have a certain retarding effect on ætheric telegraphy. And yet a recent writer on the subject states "it is always more difficult to establish telegraphic communication between two points separated by water, than two places with no water barrier between

them." In ordinary telegraphy water is so excellent a conductor that James Bowman Lindsay, of Dundee, telegraphed across the Tay without wires *more than forty years ago*.

Nothing is more difficult than to determine priority of invention in matters of this kind. Thus, in December, 1895, Captain Jackson of the Royal Navy, commenced at Plymouth working in this direction, and he succeeded in getting Morse signals through space before he knew anything of Marconi or his system. His reports to the Admiralty, however, were confidential; had they been published, he would have anticipated Marconi. Again, in 1897, Professor Slaby, of Charlottenburg, carried out experiments on a considerable scale, to which due attention has hardly been given. He abandoned every one of the novelties introduced by Marconi, and fell back upon the methods previously known. He used a simple Lodge-Branly coherer, employed elevated conductors as base-lines, discarded the useless little iron-wire impedance coils in the local circuit, and substituted for the Post Office polarized relay one made out of a Weston galvanometer. His success shows that all that is essential can be thus obtained. He chose as the scene of his operations the Havel, and set up elevated conductors upon the castle of the Pfaueninsel and on the campanile of the church at Sacrow. Thus equipped, he transmitted signals, at first about three-quarters of a mile, then three miles across the water. He found trees and masts to interfere with the signals to some degree, a perfectly natural result, one would think, although we are assured that nothing of the kind has ever happened during the Marconi experiments, even when hills intervened. Professor Slaby then proceeded, with the aid of the military authorities, to experiment over an open stretch of country from Rangsdorf to Schöneberg.

The elevated conductors were wires raised by means of hydrogen balloons to heights of nearly a thousand feet, and signals were obtained at a distance of twenty-one kilometres, or over thirteen miles.

The Hertzian waves, which play so important a part in ætheric telegraphy, are not altogether free from doubt as regards priority of discovery for, while Heinrich Hertz showed simple methods of producing, detecting and measuring these waves, it was Clerk-Maxwell who predicted their existence, and showed that their speed of propagation is identical with that of light. Sir W. H. Preece suggests that they should be called "Maxwellian" rather than "Hertzian," and perhaps a fair compromise would be arrived at if they were called "Maxwell-Hertzian." To Maxwell and Hertz has succeeded Professor Oliver Lodge, one of the most brilliant of present-day scientists. His little book on "The Work of Hertz and his Successors" is the best account that has yet appeared of the labors of this band of investigators. But Dr. Lodge has done more than write about the work of others: he has worked himself, and to some purpose, too. He designed an "oscillator," one of the early forms of apparatus used by Hertz for sending out electric waves into the surrounding space; and very early in the history of these operations he produced a "detector," or "coherer," which led up to the form of "coherer" now in use in the Marconi system. On several occasions, and notably at Oxford in 1894, he showed how such coherers could be used in transmitting telegraphic signals to a distance, and that they would work through solid stone walls. Communication was thus made between the University Museum and the adjacent building of the Clarendon Laboratory; and for more than eighteen months the Rev. F. Jervis Smith of Oxford, using a carbon-powder coherer, has maintained

communication between his house and the Millard Engineering Laboratory, over a mile away. To Dr. Lodge will probably be due, if it is ever really and practically attained, the one step without which ætheric telegraphy can never be made reliable—viz., the confining of a message to the destination for which it is intended. At present, in spite of statements to the contrary, the messages sent out into space are anybody's who chooses to set up an apparatus within the field of wave propagation. It is another form of "milking" or "tapping," the wire, and might be fraught with serious consequences in, say, a naval war, or even in the peaceful evolutions of fleets or armies. This was abundantly proved at the recent naval manœuvres, when the *Juno*, in the act of taking in a message by the Marconi system from the *Alexandra*, experienced an "interruption" in the shape of a message from Alum Bay, in the Isle of Wight, which was really meant for Poole in Dorset. The interrupting message would, of course, have come on board an enemy's ship just as readily as it came on board the *Juno*. Dr. Lodge proposes to get over this difficulty by "tuning" the sending and receiving apparatus, so that they shall be both less sensitive to stray impulses and more sensitive to properly attuned waves. That is to say, each receiver will only respond to the transmitter with which it has been "matched," or attuned, an achievement which will far transcend anything which has hitherto been done or attempted in the field of telegraphic discovery.

When we come to consider the commercial value of ætheric telegraphy, we have to descend from the region of romance to that of reality. For lightships and isolated lighthouses, and indeed for shipping generally, it has an undoubted value, because it can be used where cables would be expensive to lay, and still more expensive to

maintain, and where it would be comparatively free from interruption, and especially from the "eavesdropping" to which it would undoubtedly be subjected on land. Strange to say, however, the Wireless Telegraph Company, who are engaged in exploiting Mr. Marconi and his inventions, are not eager to take up this kind of work, Sir W. H. Preece stated to the members of the Society of Arts a month or two ago, that the Board of Trade and the Post Office, with the consent of the Trinity House, informed the Company that they would be glad if they would connect the South Sand Head Lightship with Dover, but the work remained undone. They were also informed that they would connect Sark with Guernsey, and the Post Office would open Sark as a public telegraph office; but this, also, had not been done. "The Company," says Sir W. H. Preece, "preferred to experiment elsewhere, to prove what was not necessary to be proved, that it was possible to signal across the Straits of Dover, and to show that great distances could be connected. The result is that for nearly two years after its practicability was affirmed, not one single independent commercial circuit exists. The operations of the Wireless Telegraph Company are mysterious and inscrutable." The fact is, it is about the worst thing possible for an invention of this kind to get into the hands of a company. We have only to look at the telephone to be convinced of this, and yet it was urged against the nationalization of the telegraphs thirty years ago that it would tend to stifle invention!

In other directions than those indicated, the commercial value of ætheric telegraphy is practically *nil*, so far as can be seen at present. For telegraphic communication, say, with France, Sir W. H. Preece considers the system at present "nowhere." A single cable to France, he says, could transmit

2500 words a minute without any difficulty, whereas a single Marconi circuit could not transmit more than twenty words a minute. Perhaps this requires a little amplification, because, of course, a "single cable" does not necessarily imply a single wire. A cable may be of several wires, and probably as many as six or even eight would be required to realize the speed of transmission indicated. So that the comparison with the Marconi system is not exactly on all fours, although it is obvious the system must always be a slow-speed one. It is not wanted in this direction, says Sir W. Preece, although its name, or rather the misnomer which has been applied to it, has led to the popular illusion that the poles and wires which disfigure our house-tops will disappear. But there is no evidence at present that a single wire can be dispensed with, although there is an ample field for ætheric telegraphy, if it gets into practical and non-speculative hands, in connecting up outlying islands with the mainland, and in other similar directions. Dr. Sylvanus Thompson, who has expounded the subject in the clearest possible way, is firmly convinced that the immediate road to commercial success lies in two things: "Firstly, we must frankly recognize that there is no such thing as telegraphing without wires—that the base-line, or the base-area, surrounded by wires, is a fundamental necessity. Secondly, we must look to establishing real sympathy between the sending and the receiving parts of the apparatus, to render it, as far as possible, sensitive and independent, without which conditions such systems will become too costly and too unmanageable for commercial ends."

The odd thing is that an immature invention like this should have taken such a hold of the public imagination as to bring about a positive scare in the market for telegraph securities,



and especially for cable shares. The Marquis of Tweeddale, presiding over the meeting of the Eastern Telegraph Company the other day, attributed the fall in the Company's stocks to two causes, viz.—(1) The Marconi experiments in "wireless telegraphy," and (2) the action of the Government with respect to the Company's rates. But surely he did protest too much when he said that it "seemed certain that her Majesty's Government did not anticipate any competition from that quarter, or they would scarcely promote a project such as a cable, or rather two cables, in the Pacific, the cost of which could not be put at less than four millions." The bare idea of the Pacific being crossed "without wires" is too rich, and it is small wonder that it did not enter the brain even of Mr. Chamberlain, although Mr. Henniker Heaton may have it in view in connection with his scheme for "Penny European Telegrams," and sixpenny Indian ones! The chairman of the Atlantic cables took the matter more philosophically, expressing his belief that it would be many a long day before messages were sent in any other way than by the process now adopted, although it was "very sad" that the "wireless telegraph" scare should have diminished the invested value of the very important cable interest "by some millions." But the Marconi boom was well managed all the same, although the painfully uniform success of all the experiments was just a little tedious, and lacked the dramatic element somewhat. A little mild scepticism is a most useful, not to say necessary, quality in dealing with matters of this kind, and if only the newspapers would employ their most unbelieving reporters—"fellows who want to know, you know"—to describe the results of such experiments, they would confer a great benefit on their readers, and on the public at large. No one denies that it is possi-

ble to telegraph through space, without wires stretched from point to point, either in the form of an aerial line or a cable. But what practical people are most concerned about is the commercial value of the system, and the possibility of its ever coming into general use for practical purposes. So far, we have had no satisfactory evidence on this point, and sensible people will stick to their telegraph shares.

As we close this article, the air is full of electricity and electrical schemes, while the ships of the naval manœuvres are signalling to each other by means of the Marconi system, and Herr Schaefer, an electrical engineer, who is said to have invented a "new system of wireless telegraphy," has sent messages through space from Trieste to Venice, a distance of forty miles, the messages being read "without difficulty." Just so. But, most wonderful of all, Dr. Steins, a Russian scientist is said to have invented an apparatus for telephoning without wires, for which he claims that he "shall be able to speak from London with persons, say, in Antwerp, or even in New York." It is rather a far cry from Antwerp to New York, and we fancy these distances have not been covered telephonically even *with* wires. But there is a child-like simplicity in the scientist's description of his invention which is quite refreshing: "By the use of this invention, two persons long distances apart, provided they each have my little apparatus, can converse just as easily and distinctly as with our well-known system of wire telephones. . . . Using my invention you would distinguish over long distances the voice, say, of your brother or of my friend." The "little apparatus" is a thing apparently to carry about in the waistcoat pocket, and no doubt there are "full directions" with each instrument supplied. Seriously, the world is moving too fast for sober people, who

are not disposed to become "electrified" over every scientific *canard*, and who have not forgotten that "telegraphing

without wires" was known to their grandfathers!

Good Words.

## LONDON.

(Conclusion.)

### PICCADILLY.

Though I be fair as a powdered  
peruke,  
And once was a gaping silly,  
Your Whitechapel Countess will prove,  
Lord Duke,  
She's a regular tiger lily:  
She'll fight you with cold steel and  
she'll run you off your legs  
Down the length of Piccadilly.

Yes, there was a time when exciting things happened in Piccadilly, but one has to go for them, as Mr. Meredith has gone, at least to the first quarter of the century. Nowadays the eyes of the nation are not fixed on a handful of social heroes and heroines, so that even were a discarded wife to chase her false fleeting lord along the edge of the Green Park few people would hear of the event, in spite of our wonderful Press. But I doubt if anything of interest, reported or not, ever happens now in Piccadilly. If our manners are less elaborate than our ancestors' were, we are certainly more self-contained. Few people "let themselves go" anywhere, least of all in a public thoroughfare: the exceptions are controlled by the police. And I fancy the habit of interested sauntering has declined: we hurry from one stupid occasion to another in cabs and omnibuses, and we lose our acquaintances in the crowd. Our reminiscences will contain but few remarkable encounters in the street.

All the same, there is still a significance in Piccadilly. That is to say,

from Bond Street to Hyde Park Corner: from Bond Street eastwards to the Circus there is no significance at all, merely shops and an obstructive flow of vacuous humanity. But walk from Bond Street westwards on a fine day, about half past twelve in the morning, and as you go down the slope you feel that you are in the spacious middle of social London, in the part of it that means Town—as Mr. Kipling sings to his banjo—to men who have known Town, when they hear the word in Australia or on the Niger. And that is the part that attracts them when they return. Some house in the country is dearer, perhaps, but they feel that they are back in Town when they walk down the slope of Piccadilly. Their minds may contain little of the social memories of the place: they may not think of the Duke in his duck trousers or of "old Q." in his unrepentant age, but there, if anywhere, Town stirs in their blood.

I do not think it can be a merely personal and individual pleasure that comes to me when on a fine morning I look down Piccadilly from the top of the slope. I have observed it often in others, and I always fancy that people look brighter, with a blander eye on the world, here than elsewhere in London. For myself, I am conscious of a ludicrous increase of importance, as though here one were less of an ant on an ant-hill, and more of a necessary screw in the machine. I feel almost as one having a definite and not despicable place

In the community, who can hold up his head and meet the world with a smile, not dodge it round a corner. Perhaps it is that one's mind unconsciously surveys its memories of those who have strolled down Piccadilly—not only those whose achievements or fortunes have been infinitely greater, but those who have come to infinitely worse grief; and it reminds itself that the descent is not altogether completed. Some have so walked down Piccadilly and continued their walking, till they did it on tottering but honored feet: others have walked down Piccadilly and walked away into some unknown Inferno. I will not trouble you with the associations of this or that house: perhaps they too add to one's importance, as one feels solemn in a graveyard.

There are folk who have no right in Piccadilly of a morning. Those whose interests are comprised in their money gains and losses; those whose clothes, whether old or new, are worn uneasily; those who stare and scowl at their neighbors, and those who cannot dissimulate their success in life,—all these profane ones are requested to absent themselves. In the afternoon let them return; regretfully then I abandon Piccadilly to the plutocrat; by all means let him arrive there from the city and stare at his kith and kin in the crawling carriages. In the morning it is for amiable people, who saunter idly or march with a brisk swing, people affable with their eyes, who assume that those they meet are their brothers and enjoy, they also, a pleasant outlook on life, free from fret and snobbery and every baseness. Let them sniff the morning air and take the town as a natural place, and forget its gorging gold and suffocated millions.

All this of fine mornings in general, and especially of the early spring, before London is used up, and all men's faces are grown pale with too effectual pleasures. In the afternoon, as I said,

the place is different. Something foetid has descended in the air, the red sheen is gone from the omnibuses, the idle saunter is exchanged for the painful crawl, and the brisk swing for the blatant swagger; the baser racial instincts have come atop.

In the evenings there is a new enchantment. But unless you be a triple-brass philosopher, to enjoy it you must drive; walking you find the national superiority in morals a little too insistent. But drive, drive up Piccadilly this time, not down, and observe the lines of lamps in the darkness, the one line by the seemly houses, the other by the black trees. Do they not suggest to you something vaguely but pervadingly romantic?

In the morning there was the feeling of what social charm and interest there may be in a town; at night there is the feeling of its possibilities of adventure. It is, of course, quite a different romance from that of gray moors and distant lights in old windows: this romance is gay in its quality, even feverish. You may be driving home from a quiet dinner-party, to go quietly to bed; but do you not find a romance in this line of lamps leading into the heart of the town, where life, you imagine for a moment, is at some heat of interest? There it lies before you, multitudes of human things with hearts and fancies, countless abodes of mystery. You lean back and continue your course, without a regret, to your peaceful and respectable dwelling-place, but for a moment there was the sense of romance, a faint wave against your brain of the blood that craves adventure. A fleeting fancy: as I write it is gone: words do but riddle it. As you draw into the closer traffic, romance has flown, the closer sight of your fellow-creatures, unless you be very young, has killed it. Perhaps it was not a very edifying thing while it was with you. But nowhere else in London, as

in Piccadilly by night, shall you feel it. And for it, as for my morning's stroll down the slope, do I count Piccadilly precious beyond words.

#### BAYSWATER AND ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

I am quite prepared to be charged with a morbid extremity of cowardice when I confess that Bayswater terrifies me. But the confession is necessary, for this terror is the proof of Bayswater's qualities, and without it Bayswater cannot be explained. Yes: when I walk through the wide-stretching mass of monotonous ugliness, behind all my artistic loathing there is fear. I sometimes wonder if the fear may be directly personal; if, in spite of science and all that, it is an intimation that some day Bayswater will stretch forth a callous hand and take me to itself, and I shall become a Bayswater householder. We are weak creatures, driven here and there by circumstance, and the world is strong. Who can tell if he too may not some day walk down an ugly, soulless, monotonous Bayswater street, and stand aghast as he remembers that in such a house his lot is fixed forevermore, till the green-roofed house receives his wearied body?

He may cry aloud and beat his breast, and protest that his soul craves for beautiful things: it will be in vain—he must take out his latch-key and enter. Circumstance has been too strong for him: he is a Bayswater householder.

But this is a nightmare, and after all the fear may have a less personally horrible explanation. It may be that Bayswater affects me in the same manner that I should be affected by the dust of the Sahara, and have been affected by a gray-colored sea, when the sky is sunless. It is the effect of limitless monotony. You walk through squares and streets and "gardens" and "terraces," and they are all the same.

Square succeeds square with no individual difference. Consequently one is afraid, feeling one's own narrow limits and very finite condition, one's tendency to change and caprice, one's development and the end thereof—feeling all this and feeling Bayswater's uniformity and immutability and vastness. Not to speak it profanely, Bayswater suggests eternity, and that, as we all know, depresses even the most buoyant of us.

It is difficult for me to conceive the inhabitants of Bayswater—when I think of them in the mass—as not doing the same things, strictly and absolutely, every day. It is difficult for me to imagine that they are born and marry and grow old and die. I think of them involuntarily as eating the same breakfasts, reading the same newspapers, saying the same things at dinner every day. I am even inclined to think that such must be the case of the essential inhabitants, and that the people living there whom I know must be necessarily different from the others.

If surroundings affect people at all, surely to be surrounded by countless houses all exactly the same as one's own must encourage the monotony of life to which most of us are prone already. If you pass through some of those outlying suburbs which consist of rows upon rows of little confined houses, it is odds but that you think with pity on the tame and dreary lives of their tenants. You have no pity in Bayswater, because you assume that most of the people are well-to-do, and many of the houses indicate opulence. But monotony is monotony everywhere, and these prisoners are merely exercised in a slightly wider circle. For my part, I pity neither society, knowing that both are tolerably happy, as doing what they are accustomed to do, and being afraid that the impertinence might be resented. But if you are to be concerned for the soulless lives of

your fellow-creatures you have quite as much reason to argue lack of soul in Bayswater as in the poorer parts of Wandsworth and Clapham; the raiment and fare are better, and that is all. One may be more rightly concerned, however, with the ugliness of Bayswater than with its monotony, because it is really not good for a community to have quite such bad taste as the English public, and if you are ever puzzled by that taste you have only to walk about Bayswater to understand it. But this lament is growing as dull as the place; let us go on to St. John's Wood.

St. John's Wood gratifies the mind with a contrast, because whereas the idea of Bayswater is of dulness and respectability and opulently bad taste, that of St. John's Wood is of two things frequently conjoined in the British mind—art and immorality. As to the latter, I had best say frankly at once that I do not believe in it. My belief is that the public eye has been deceived by the number of houses in St. John's Wood which have high-walled gardens: it does not understand that a wish to avoid it may exist for reasons not immoral. Or else it opines that there is a suspicious prettiness about it: the necessity of ugliness to morality is still a lurking conviction. Or else the idea of immorality simply follows on that of art, for there still exists a gloomy suspicion that all art not religious, or at least didactic, is vicious.

St. John's Wood suggests art in concrete forms. It does not perhaps speak to one's soul of art eternal, but the knowledge that many houses in St. John's Wood are inhabited by actors and painters bestows on it a glamor of a sort. Moreover, it contains some rather beautiful gardens, so that it repeats Campden Hill, with the fascinating addition of mystery and recklessness. These qualities, it is true, may come to it from the old idea in which

I have said I do not believe. But it is a happy fact of psychology that we may have to abandon a belief and yet illogically retain its associations. I have abandoned the belief in the immorality of St. John's Wood, but I still feel there—and bless therefor my want of logic—that the place is mysterious; that could one pass through keyholes, one would happen on romances and adventures. To live there would not be to suffer the staling of custom. There would be a stimulus as one walked down the road of one's house, haply shaded with trees, and went to one's study looking into a pleasant old garden. The sound of a passing cab would suggest some dark intrigue, and set one dreaming. . . . A pleasant place, most agreeable after Bayswater.

#### KENSINGTON AND HAMMERSMITH.

I suppose it was the existence of Kensington Palace that induced the inhabitants of various other districts, such as Brompton, Hammersmith and Ladbroke Grove to call them South Kensington, West Kensington, and so forth. It is a rather curious instance of the great national characteristic parading itself undisguised. It annoys me to think of it, because these other places have a right to their proper names and to the histories and associations thereof.

But before I can say agreeable things of Kensington, I must dispose of its melancholy High Street. I think it one of the saddest sights in London, interesting perhaps to the impartial observer of human society, but a sore to the patriot and a stumbling-block to the optimist. Crowds and crowds of women, loitering outside shops, gazing anxiously at the goods in the windows! Women with no sign of compelling poverty about them, spending long mornings and afternoons loitering, gazing,



searching for little bargains to adorn themselves withal. Where, I have asked myself, is the higher education of women we hear of, the emancipation, the thought, the soul, the intelligence? For years and years we have had no time to attend to anything except the purity and poetry and secret yearnings and intellectual progress of woman, independent woman, and—here she is, loitering and gazing—in her right place, says the “cynical man of the world,” but it afflicts me dreadfully. At Hammersmith Broadway also one sees loiterers, but they are there for love of loitering and idling simply, to exchange open-air chaff with their acquaintance, to enjoy life, not to hunt for mean bargains. They are a genuine folk, leading, if one may judge from a glance, practical lives—lives, that is to say, in consonance with their tastes, which lean to simple pleasures rather than to getting on in the world by hard work. The scene is cheerful, careless; the talk is open, friendly, with a pleasant smack of irresponsibility in its phrases. The scene in Kensington High Street is posing and anxious, the talk mincing.

Happily, however, that is not all of Kensington: one may turn with relief to its pleasant gardens and the spacious, comely houses in its northern quarter. It was my fortune as a child often to stay in one of them, and to be taken for my walk in the Gardens every fine morning, and the west gate, hard by the Palace, was, as it were, the entrance to a wide field of possible romance. We walked as far as the Albert Memorial, which I regarded as a thing of mere magnificence, not having been taught its offences against art: I feel kindly towards it yet, and should feel extremely sorry if some secret society of artistic persons were to blow it up. So Kensington Gardens have a place in my dreams of childhood and doubtless have one in many another

sentimentalist's memories, and one might have an uglier background. I do not profess to regard the Palace with any particular interest. English society was extremely interesting when the King lived there, but the Court was the least interesting section of it, and Kensington Palace has no associations of romance or of beauty. But there are other houses hard by which suggest comely things of the past and the present. I remember one with gratitude for its unconscious influence. It was of Queen Anne's date, and had much old oak about it, with a garden large for the town and a high wall which shut out London altogether. I should like to buy it if ever I am rich—or is it a fatal thing to resume associations of many years ago? I fancy it is. I know that when I have gone back to my old school I have been quite unable to push back old feelings, and a word of command from the head-master would have dissipated my manhood's self-respect in a moment and been followed by instant obedience. So that a house familiar to one's childhood—not, that is to say, constantly familiar since, and so, as it were, growing with one's growth—would be like to send one dreaming day and night,—and one commonly dreams too much for a literal world as it is. As for one's present regard for houses in this quarter, one connects them somehow with art in comfort, with fine taste and money to exercise it withal. Perhaps the spirit of art shines brighter in a student's garret, but it is only “perhaps” after all, and the weaker brethren may be allowed to prefer spaciousness and soft cushions. These large and oldish houses on Campden Hill suggest art and comfort to one in passing them, whether or no the insides of them correspond thereto.

It is all a matter of temperament, if you like better such suggestions as these or those of little houses in the

**Hammersmith Road.** These latter suggest a life less fine, less delicate, less remote, but a life more restive and ardent and in a superficial sense more real. The Dickens temperament of quick sympathy with common things prefers the latter, and I think there should be moments when we all prefer those smaller and warmer suggestions. A home precariously supported by hard work, having in it the bond of common anxieties and what, perhaps, you call vulgar pleasures—is it not at times and for a moment warmer to one's sympathies than a life of refined ease, of assured immunity from essential privations? One would not cant about different measures of affections, which are as likely to be strong in one as in the other life, but we may feel the throb of a struggle for common existence which was the aboriginal rule. The master of the little house has had a good day's takings in his shop or (haply) a successful day on the turf; the mistress can go with him to the music hall; or perhaps he has had a knock-down blow, and they must look out for two little rooms in a back street. At times one sympathizes with such events as much as with the fortunate purchaser of a Velasquez. In literature, of course, it may or may not be one's preference to linger with vulgar joys and troubles—for my own part I think we have enough and to spare of them in books, and but for the rigid rule of the market, which insists that writers should write the same book over and over again, I would exhort some professors of the humble to turn their minds to Queen Anne houses and beautiful backgrounds. In life, however, one should not resent the sight of the little houses on the Hammersmith Road, nor resent the large houses with the pleasant gardens on Campden Hill. They are near together in place, and it may be well if one turns easily from the one to the other in imagina-

tive sympathy. It may have been some such idea that induced me to join them together.

#### THE SUBURBS.

I have observed that to live anywhere in England may be made a reproach, a scoffing, if not a hissing; a curious sign it is of an instinctive pessimism. "Cockney," "provincial," "suburban," are all adjectives of evil import, but the worst of these is "suburban." "Cockney" has something qualifying in its connotation, and "provincial" has some air of excuse, but "suburban" is wholly scornful and indignant, without one plea of kindness. "It will be popular in the suburbs" is the last word of contempt of a work of art, and "suburban" is the commonest missile thrown at a maker of books or plays. In the days when depreciators of Dr. Ibsen still throve in the land, they used to call him suburban, by way of a triumphant assertion of a taste superior to his eulogists. I have never been able to understand it. The average taste of the London suburbs in things artistic is much the same—you will find it difficult to differentiate it—as that of the rest of England. Not a good taste, to be sure—but why the invidious selection? The inhabitants of the suburbs are leavened as much as any others. Horace Walpole, surely one of the most urban of men, preferred Twickenham to Arlington Street and Berkeley Square, and for much the same reasons as the city clerk of to-day might prefer it to an abode possible for him in town; he liked the greater spaciousness, and "the greeneth and blueth" of the comparative country. Or if you say that Twickenham was not a suburb then, I will—with great reluctance—drop Horace Walpole and come to the present day. The greatest of English living poets lives in a suburb, and he who, in my opinion, is beyond

intelligent question next to him, used to live in another. And any number of genuinely-artistic and intellectual people live in parts of London which used to be called suburbs—Kensington and the like—and ought to be called suburbs. Why, when the poor suburbs are mentioned, should we not sometimes think of them, and not of the common race of dullards who are the same all over England? I protest I am sorry for the suburbs, and indignant at their treatment.

The matter has gone so far that there are suburbs whose very names make people laugh—with the laugh of indulgent superiority—even though they live themselves in suburbs. The mere mention of Tooting or Peckham Rye makes inhabitants of Richmond or Wimbledon roar with laughter. Why? I have heard people laugh heartily at the mere suggestion that anybody can live at Walham Green. Yet Peckham Rye and Walham Green are euphonious names, and I defy you to mention any ridiculous association their names convey. I protest the humor is altogether too subtle for me.

A reason for the contempt in which the suburbs are held may be that their houses are ugly. They are ugly, it is true. As a result, I suppose of that diffusion of prosperity and comfort of which we are all so proud, it is rapidly becoming impossible for a person of moderate means in England to escape squalid and hideous surroundings. Ivy-covered cottages near London are nearly all pulled down, and rows of little vile red villas occupy the ground. If you are not rich enough to live in a big house, standing in its own ample grounds, and with a high wall to shut out the view, you must live in a little vile villa or something like it. It is your fault for being born in this highly-civilized generation. But are London houses so beautiful? Mayfair, to be sure, is seemly and has an atmosphere,

and Bloomsbury has its virtues. But the tenants of unlovely, mean-garbed Belgravia need crow over no suburb in a ten-mile circuit. Moreover, if most suburbs are ugly, some are very much the reverse, and when the word is mentioned, Sheen and Roehampton should qualify its ugly import.

Another reason for the contempt is, I suppose, the idea that the social life of a suburb is peculiarly mean and silly. This should be qualified by the fact that in many suburbs there is no social life at all. To the male inhabitants, at least, they are simply dormitories. There is also a qualification in the occasionally-convenient fact that in London suburbs, as in London, you are absolved from neighborly acquaintance. You may live for years in a suburb without knowing a single inhabitant, if you have enough of acquaintance elsewhere or dislike human intercourse, or fear the quality of that about you. There is this negative qualification. Apart from that, I suppose it is likely that the society of a suburb may, in its gradations, have less relevance to the essential facts of human existence than even that of a country town. In a country town there are other distinctions than those of apparent affluence or poverty; though the latter, no doubt, tend to be all supreme, and these other distinctions, albeit often ignorant and anachronistic, are not entirely sordid. Whereas, in an inferior suburb nothing but apparent wealth has a vogue. But, after all, this is very much the case elsewhere, and the *reductio ad absurdum* in your suburb may entertain the minor philosopher. I know a suburb in which there is, as it were, a patrician and a plebeian quarter; both quarters are peopled by tradesmen from the nearest part of London, but the patrician quarter has a fine, untempered scorn of the plebeian—will not know it, in fact. Such sordid features are silly, but we need hardly be

angry with them, and, as I said, they are not appreciably worse than England shows in general. Against these I insist that the inhabitants of the many charming houses I have seen from the outside in more than one London suburb—in Richmond, Sheen, Wimbledon—cannot be other than amiable and delightful; if it were not so they would have painted their charming old houses green, or committed some other such indecency. No; I am sure that the evils of suburban society are qualified, negatively and positively, as much as those of other places, and I can find no explanation of my puzzle in them.

I can find no explanation at all, and if it suits your circumstances and your ideas of comfort to live in a suburb, I beg you will not be deterred by any unpleasant use of the word. I can easily understand your inclination. Perhaps when England is one big town it may become natural for human bodies to breathe soot. At present it is natural to seek air comparatively fresh, a garden in which one can sit, and so forth. It is rather a weak compromise to go so far only as a suburb and to return to the sooty town every day, instead of giving up city employments and herding sheep on some breezy plain, and there must needs be a loss of the true London spirit. But we live in a material age, and the health of wives and children and such considerations influence us all. So get you your little red-brick villa, and be suburban and unashamed.

It is not for me to express the suburbs in their quiddity. When they are mean and squalid, why, then they are mean and squalid; as I have suggested, there is little philosophically to differentiate their squalor from the squalor of other English places. And the same remark applies to their social life: it is sometimes mean, it may be sometimes pleasant, but it contains no

points of difference for the philosopher from social life elsewhere. Such differences as there are, in the one or the other case, are for the observer of details, the engaging person who records minute differences of ugliness in speech and manners and appearance for those who like such photographs. But a feeling one has had in the prettier suburbs may not be amiss to indicate here. When one sees something beautiful in a suburb,—a house, an old common, a park,—the beauty has in it something wistful and pathetic which such beauty in the country happily lacks. One feels the nearness of the monster town with its blindly-groping hands—like some Polyphemus searching for the fearful Greek in the *Æneid*. One's enjoyment is anxious, for one has to trust to boards and societies and such things for its continuance. In spite of them the beautiful things are going. There are spots in Richmond Park where one might be in any beautiful park in the country, and one may muse there on romance and dead centuries. But London is creeping round, and on Saturdays the park is alive with defiant bells and jostling hordes rushing back to restaurants and theatres. London is near, and the beauty of Roehampton Gate as you come down the hill at sunset has a pathos I would not express if I could. Yet it might soften the contemptuous commentator on the suburbs. But I went there the other day and found the beauty gone—destroyed by a horrible red house which is being built inside the Gate. O, my country!

#### COCKNEY HUMOR.

So far I have dealt with places, and my space is nearly out. But I must allow myself one less concrete subject, and end my unworthy appreciation of the town I live in by doing it, if I may, one slight service.

A gross injustice is done to London

in the conceptions which most people hold of Cockney humor. Any vulgar joke you please is referred to this source, any writer of professedly funny books who happens to be without taste and education is called a Cockney humorist. This is very stupid, for Cockney humor, whether excellent in its average or not, is certainly distinctive, and it has nothing to do with vulgarity as such, nothing with the feebly-forced jocosity of the writers to whom I have referred.

This jocosity, indeed, falsely and inconveniently called "Cockney," may be usefully observed for a moment by way of contrast to the true Cockney humor. I trust that you will understand the sort of jocosity in books and journals to which I refer; I am too cowardly to name the books or the writers. It can lay no claim to being Cockney; it is not local in its nature, its producers are not necessarily Londoners; and its appreciators are the possessors of slow wits and vulgar tastes all over the country. Its local adjective is therefore misleading and unjust, and is to be from this moment abandoned. Conventional jocosity, like conventional sentimentalism, comes of fatness and idleness. It is essentially a quality—for the phrase must out—of the comfortable middle classes, an excrecence of excessive materialism and want of mental exercise. It supplies the occasions of those whose minds move slowly and will not be stirred, but whose idle sides crave to be shaken. It is conventional, therefore, and deals in stock and largely labelled figures, such as mothers-in-law and "swells" with eyeglasses. It is always behind the times in the manners it deplets, for its patrons have been fed on a long tradition of it and must not be expected to use their eyes. It tends to an unthinking and unmanly brutality, gibing at old maids and women who have lost their looks—a stupid-

ity to which, one notes with sorrow, one of the few real humorists of our times has committed himself. Its assumptions are all the old middle-class ideas, the unquestioning acceptance of wealth as superiority, the contempt of art, and so forth. I do not wish to indict everybody who is amused by it, for we all must laugh, and good causes of laughter are not always known and accessible. But it is essentially the amusement of stupid, clumsy and unexercised minds. I protest with all the little vigor I have that its confusion with Cockney humor is abominable.

By Cockney humor, I mean roughly the humor of London streets and public-houses. This I take to be distinctive; it is not understood in its fulness outside London, even by those of the same class and habits as the Londoners who produce and relish it. By "produce" I mean invent and shout from the box-seat of an omnibus or from the press round the bar, for it seldom if ever finds its way into print. These Londoners live lives that are tolerably strenuous, always precarious, and often necessitous. Their minds do not run to fatness. Sentimentalism appeals to them only as following on beer or gin in a play-house gallery, and is not then of a pernicious type; their sorrows are mostly connected with police-courts. They are the lower classes of London, and if they are not, as it has been somewhat dubiously said of the middle classes, the back-bone of the country, I claim for them at least that their wits, such as they may be, are in tolerably active exercise. Their humor is not conventional; it is fresh and it lives. I do not mean that it is always first-rate—it is generally, no doubt, pretty poor in quality; but it is humor, and suits the moment; it is not a stereotyped and conventional pretence of it. It is coarse, to be sure, if you object to that. A vice of false refinement is to mistake



coarseness for vulgarity, and to be offended by certain substantives and adjectives. If that is your unfortunate case you cannot enjoy real Cockney humor. In fact, I am afraid that to savor it rightly you must be not only not prudish, but familiar enough with certain words of coarseness not to be surprised or preoccupied by them; you must remember that these words are in constant use by the folk you are observing, and must not overrate their force or importance. To omit the words is to miss the atmosphere. In some of Mr. Kipling's soldier ballads, it is necessary, for a right effect, to replace certain words for which he gives you tokens. They are quite harmless to the intelligent and genuinely refined. So, in a Cockney story, one must keep to its natural diction.

The most remarkable character of Cockney humor is that it is absolutely unscrupulous. It has no reservations. Everything which comes within its horizon is a subject, an occasion, for jest. Now that—like it or dislike it—is a distinction. You do not find it in modern literature. And I am reminded that Cockney humor hardly comes into literature at all. The spirit of good Dr. Bowdler has kept it out. Dickens, who might have used it, refrained, for if you mention Sam Weller, I reply that he had next to no humor at all—adding, breathlessly, to keep my head from Dickens' worshippers, that Sam Weller was a wit. He had wit, certainly, and gave us a store of witticisms, but he had not humor. Also, Sam was not distinctively Cockney; his pronunciation—of the borough, it may have been, and as it exists in parts of contemporary Essex—was hardly Cockney at all. I have sometimes met with a fragment of Cockney humor in the *Sporting Times*; a departed contributor of that paper observed or invented it with genius. But with that exception I have not seen it reported. There

follows, in the distinguished absence of scruple, the quality of brutality. But it is a different thing from the mean and conventional brutality I was reviling lately. It does not laugh at old women as a matter of course. It consists merely in ignoring the horrible or tragic side of a funny situation. Everybody knows the old story of the Cockney laughing after a fire. "Jump, yer silly fool," I says; 'me and my mite's got a blanket!' An' 'e did jump, and there warn't no blanket, and 'e broke 'is — neck. Laugh? I haven't laughed so much," etc. A thousand apologies if the old story jars on your refinement. But I maintain that the contrast of expectation and the event is really humorous, and the brutality which can laugh is surely innocent. One finds such a brutality in Rochester, who was a sort of aristocratic blackguard Cockney of genius.

Cockney humor is always ready, and in a generation which is said to lack amusing talkers its repartee should be cherished. As a rule they are not exactly witty; they are too bald in form for that; but they embody roughly a humorous grasp of situations. I will not give you instances, disliking to shirk the faithful record of my memory, and being afraid you may think me very vulgar as it is. To find them you must go your ways among cabmen in their shelters, and omnibus men, and flower-girls, and other people. Cockney humor seems to have almost disappeared from the music halls; the last inspired exponent of it I remember was Bessie Bellwood. One meets it, of course, among people who are n Cockney nor lower class. The thoroughly dissipated young rake, who has a humorous turn and is above (as perhaps my Cockneys are below) the prejudices of respectability, is much akin in his freer talk to the true Cockney humorist. One wonders if the quality will ever make a masterpiece

of a book. Serious, long-faced realism is allowed a fairly free hand; one wonders if realism will ever be allowed to laugh, and humors of unscrupulous

thoughts and unshackled tongues to come to their own again in our literature, as they partly came two centuries ago. Probably not.

Blackwood's Magazine.

## IN THE DAYS OF THE RED TERROR.

It is probably safe to say that to a great many people the history of the Revolution in France is the history of the Terror in Paris, with perhaps a little of Lyons, Marseilles, and Nantes added without emphasis. As to what passed in the country districts, and in hundreds of provincial towns, there is scant knowledge; and nevertheless it is a tale none the less interesting because the scene is narrower than the huge chaotic struggles of a capital city. It is more human, if less national; more individual and more tragic in its very simplicity. It is not the history of a government,—whatever that government might call itself; it is the chronicle of little towns where each is known to the other—where all suffer, where some triumph, where one or two are heroes and martyrs. It is, no doubt, very small in comparison; but it comes the closer to those who read and look on. Also, it is easier to understand, from the past, how the whole became possible and inevitable.

In St. Malo, for instance, the Revolution had been, to a considerable degree, anticipated and prepared. As a matter of fact, whether to Dukes of Brittany or Kings of France, or any more temporary protectors, St. Malo had always borne her allegiance lightly. Even in theory she owed them little; in practice she paid them less, and withdrew that when it pleased her. It is one of her own historians who records her extraordinary independence from century to century; and he adds:

"She was competed for by princes and remained herself indifferent; all parties had need of her, but she sufficed to herself." Excessive and vain-glorious as this sounds, it is geographically and historically true. During the long religious wars of the League it is an exact statement of her circumstances; she was absolutely self-sufficient, governing herself according to her own good-will as a miniature republic, and recognizing no prince or suzerain whatever, after a fashion that would be laughable, considering her size, were it not so amazing.

The time came, indeed, when the independent spirit of the little city led to an event so strange, so forestalling, to coin a word, that it is difficult to realize by how long a time it preceded the days of the Revolution; for in the well-known dislike of Saint Malo to all and every sort of domination, she fell so deeply in love with liberty, that when her own bishop came back by sea from Rome, her citizens took him prisoner as he landed, liking his nominal lordship over them as little as any other semblance of rule: "A bishop being no whit better than a governor," as it is written in a letter of the time, "though it is undesirable to kill him, by accident or otherwise." So they arrested him without more ado, and kept him close prisoner in his own cathedral precincts, where he had ample leisure to quarrel with his turbulent Chapter; and when, from the pulpit, the priests of the town inveighed against such treatment, the

Council bade them "hold their peace and be thankful, for it was only in Saint Malo that in these days a man might eat his fill and sleep o' nights without fear of cold steel griping the stomach of him." And presently they further ordered that, to prevent such complaints, no sermons were henceforward to be delivered from the pulpit, but only the gospel to be read aloud, *sans tire-lires* (without fal-lals).

No; St. Malo was at no time in her history humble towards her superiors, even when she acknowledged them. She was by ancient tradition, by character, and by custom, always in opposition.

When, for example, one Duke of Brittany (it was Francis the Second) sent a troop of men-at-arms to overawe his troublesome subjects, St. Malo opened her gates and let them enter into a silence of empty streets that seemed to promise humility and submission, but when once the portcullis was safely dropped behind them, and there was no possible escape, there swept out from every door and alley, from every corner and court, such a torrent of armed men, of clutching, howling women, that "there was strange meat hung that night in every man's cellar." And when the Duke sent presently a herald to ask how his men-at-arms had fared, having received no further news of them, the citizens hooted at him from their ramparts, and mocked him, crying, "Duke, go seek thy dogs (*Duc, cherche tes chiens*)!"—which has remained in their speech ever since as an address of infinite derision.

Again, when Anne the Duchess whom indeed they were supposed to love, found them so unruly and so rebellious that she determined to enlarge and strengthen the castle, not to protect the town, but to constrain it, they demanded of their bishop to excommunicate the men who worked for her, and night after night, with singular indus-

try, themselves pulled down the stones that had been built up during the day. Only, since Anne was not a Breton for nothing (and there is her inscription on the tower, *Qui-qu'en-grogne*, in witness of that,) they met for once their match.

But none the less they continued to guard their liberties and their rights with a jealous independence that was always in arms. In the days of their wealth,—and they threw gold out of windows to beggars in the street!—they were willing to give millions to the King, but the smallest national tax they furiously opposed. Their corsairs fought for their own hand and St. Malo, and only accepted as an indifferent compliment the thanks of France. For it was only in rebellion that the Malouins grew patriotic; up to a certain period, "their country was neither Brittany, nor France, nor England, but in return for service rendered, they deigned to accept the protection of that power which for the moment was in preponderance,"—which means, to put it more crudely than her historian, that St. Malo had a knack of being on the winning side; and that while by accident or circumstance they might call themselves French or Breton, they were at all times only Malouin at heart.

Turbulent, proud, independent, holding their heads so high in the world that it seems a wonder they did not tumble off their little rock-city into the surrounding sea, this is what the Malouins were from the beginning of their history. It seemed but a very small step further than they had already gone to accept in theory the Revolution; but they had not foreseen the Terror. And yet, in spite of them, the Terror came to St. Malo.

It would be too long and infinitely repugnant to tell in detail the story of that sorrowful time; if, indeed, apart from its greater facts, it can ever be fully known. It is only here and there

that one catches glimpses of the smaller lives that were uncelebrated, unremarked, and that yet were martyrdoms; the little tragedies perhaps of women who prayed in their churches till they were thrust out of them, who prayed on the church-steps till they were imprisoned, who prayed in their cells till they were done to death. It did not occur to them that they could do anything but pray; it was habit, perhaps, but a habit we call heroism. And in all the country-side there were priests, some of them old and ill, who were driven into hiding, proscribed, hunted, expelled, tortured with every sort of suffering and peril. Here is an extract from a letter written by one, a poor man, the son of a laborer, very simple, very unlearned:—

Thrice I was torn by force out of the pulpit, hiding as I could about my parish. I slept more often with the pigs than in the cottages. Sometimes I found crusts of bread hidden in the hollows of trees; oftener, I went hungry. Men were paid to track us, dogs trained to hunt us by scent, watches were set at night in the ways where we might pass; once I was chased from dawn to dusk, with houses burning and guns firing on every side so that I could not tell where to go, and the next day I found four priests and ten or twelve of our friends who had helped us, lying dead in the pastures about me. It was seldom I was able to sleep; I had no time to be ill. . . . And yet, when I saw women and children flying in fear of their lives; when our poorest peasants grudged themselves bread and water that they might have something to spare for those that were in hiding; when I saw them creeping by night, at risk of worse than death, to pray at the foot of the cross or on the steps of a locked chapel:—oh, then it seemed to me that I ought to have suffered more, much more, to be worthy of them.

There is a plain stone cross on the dyke that joins St. Malo to the main-

land, a cross of granite, about which hang many memories. One is a legend of the days when the English were a terror in the land, a story of love and parting and waiting, ending in death; but there is another that ends also in death, and this one is true. For during the Chouannerie sixty-eight prisoners, taken at Dol, were brought to St. Malo; the women and children were left under guard outside the walls, the men shut into the church of St. Sauveur within the town. But at ten of the next morning they were reunited on the beach immediately below this cross, where they were set in a long line, their backs against the wall of the dyke, their faces turned towards the sea, while the firing party loaded their guns. It is recorded that one of the prisoners, a little boy ten years old, let his hat be carried away by the wind and chased it till he was knee-deep in the water; "whereat the great number of people looking on laughed very joyously." Then the firing began. It lasted twenty minutes; when it was finished, the great tumbrils that stood ready were loaded and driven, leaving a trail of blood all along the road they passed over, to the cemetery, where the bodies were thrown into a pit. It is said—and no wonder!—that sometimes on the beach at nightfall one can still hear the sobbing of children, the prayers of women, and the curses of men, mingling with the sound made by the waves as they run up the sand towards the granite cross.

There is another story of those days that is worth telling, if only for the sake of one who plays a part in it, the story of the great Chouan conspiracy, which might have altered the fate of France,—the history of Armand de la Rouërie and Thérèse de Moëllen.

Armand was such a man as such times are apt to bring forth; so full of what his country call *initiative* that he had been a little of many things before

he became a leader of Chouans, the accredited agent and lieutenant of the King in this part of High Brittany. He had been, for instance, an officer in the Guards; he had been also, for a time, a Trappist monk; he had held a post of some importance in the army of Lafayette. It is said by his adversaries that under the Monarchy he was a Parliamentarian; it is certain that under the Republic he was the most devoted of Royalists, and served his cause to the death. And the story of that death is a pitiful one.

He had already been denounced as a conspirator, and was already more or less in hiding; at this time he had his headquarters, as one may call them, at the Château du Fosse-Hingant at St. Coulomb, midway between St. Malo and Cancale. It was then the home of Marc Désilles, whose son André, the hero of Nancy, had flung himself in front of a cannon as it was fired, to check an insurrection among his soldiers; whose daughter, Madame de la Fonchais, was presently to become sorrowfully famous; whose niece, Thérèse de Moellien, was the Flora Macdonald of the Malouin country—as beautiful, as romantic, as devoted as she. If Armand de la Rouérie was the head of the conspiracy, she was its heart; she went from house to house, from farm to farm, from cottage to cottage, emptying her purse among the poor, urging the cause of the King, helping with all her courage, her faith, her beauty, to build up that great enterprise which might have changed the history of France. "She was so good, so innocent, we knew that what she told us must be right," the peasants said of her; she seemed to them then, and much more afterwards, a little saint of God. And presently, as one declares of her who tells the story, she was to be called the Angel of the Chouannerie.

They had all met in the large low

hall of the Fosse-Hingant, for the time had almost come when the sign was to be given which would set all Brittany under arms, to make of their enterprise not a series of small independent outbreaks, but the uprising of a great disciplined army under its appointed leaders, with a concerted and prearranged plan of campaign. But just when they should have been most sure of themselves, there had fallen upon them a strange and overwhelming discouragement and depression; they had with one accord unbuckled their swords and flung them upon the table in sign of abandonment and withdrawal. They urged Armand de la Rouérie to fly to Jersey from the peril that surrounded him; they had even gone so far as to have a fishing-boat ready and in waiting for his passage. And Armand had dropped his head upon his hands, and listened, in the midst of those who had failed him, desperately alone.

Suddenly a voice was heard among them, so timid and clear and young, that it sounded like the voice of a child; that yet grew stronger as it went on, and gathered such a force into it as seemed miraculous. "It was like a trumpet or a bell ringing the tocsin," said one who heard it; "and yet it made me think of my mother singing an old song of war to me as a lullaby." One does not know what she said; but when Thérèse de Moellien had finished, Armand de la Rouérie was standing with his head high and a new light in his eyes, and the men about the table had seized their swords and were swearing to follow him to the death.

But that night in the large low hall of the Fosse-Hingant there was a traitor, and before the sign could be given that meant war, word had been sent to Danton, the agents of the Terror were on the track, and Armand began that last long flight that was to end for him only in death. It is a flight in which one cannot follow him; no one but



Thérèse knew all its stages. Henceforward he was never to pass two nights in the same place; he must sleep under hedges, in willow-flats, beneath firewood piled in *noir-barges*, must creep from castle to cottage where Thérèse had implored for him a shelter, where her hand opened for him the door. In the darkness she brought him food, consoled him, guided him to a temporary safety; by day she sat at home under the eye of the Terror, and stitched at the fine embroidery of the day with death waiting at her shoulder. And presently the end came for them both. Armand, in a last and supreme effort, had crossed the Rance and had taken refuge at St. Enogat, sleeping on a ledge of rock in the cave known as the *Goule-es-Fées*; where few dared to enter, partly because the way in was closed at high tide by the water, and also because, as all the world believes, the fairies meet there by moonlight to dance and sing upon the sand.

But even here he was in danger, and by night he fled again, he and an aged manservant, and Thérèse de Moellien. It was midwinter and snowing heavily, and in the forest of La Hunaudaye there were deep and dangerous drifts; the horses they rode were worn out, fell, and could not rise again; Armand lay as one dead upon the ground. Thérèse and the old serving-man carried him, one does not know how, for four long miles through the snow to the Château de la Guyomarais; they asked for shelter for a peasant of the name of Gosselin, whom they had found lying by the way. He was consumed by fever, half-starved, broken-hearted, and hopeless; when next day he heard of the fate of the King, he turned his face to the wall, and, "weeping for his good master, in great misery he died."

He was buried the same night in the garden of the castle, where he was laid in a bed of lime that his body at least

might escape from the hands of his enemies; but even here he was to fail. His grave was betrayed by the same traitor—his friend and physician, save the mark!—who had denounced him before; his head was sent to Danton, and being unfortunately implicated by some papers found in his coffin, the Désilles family were surrounded in the Château du Fosse-Hingant and put under arrest. This was nearly the beginning of a terrible massacre; but as the agents entered, Madame de la Fonchais swallowed the list of names of those who had joined the conspiracy, and saved hundreds from certain death. It was not her fault that she did not save all. But, guided always by Cheftel the traitor, the agents found the secret place where the main papers of the enterprise were hidden; there were letters from the princes, instructions, details; if there was no complete list of the conspirators, there was enough to compromise many, and not one of these escaped. A hint, or an ill-will that suggested one, was sufficient in those days; and with Danton's agent and Cheftel the traitor laying their wits together, neither was lacking. They arrested the few they knew, the several they suspected, the many whom it was convenient to get rid of; men, women, some who were but children—they were all swept away to the guillotine.

Among those who thus died were two whom one cannot but remember tenderly. One was Madame de la Fonchais, who was arrested in mistake for her sister, but forbade the error to be declared. "Your children are younger, and need you more," she writes. "Mine are old enough to remember me; I think I could not bear to be forgotten." The other was Thérèse de Moellien, the Angel of Chouannerie, the Flora Macdonald of High Brittany, the fair young girl who was called, by the peasants who loved her, the little Saint of God.

On the edge of the Bois de Pontual there is the hut of a *sabot*-maker, a thatched shed under trees and amid bramble-brakes, sweet with the smell of new-cut wood, of fallen pine-cones, of apples from the cider-mill beside the cottage. In autumn it is very silent, very sunny; there are no birds singing, no life among the trees, only now and then a faint rustle as of some small unseen thing in the grass, and the dull thud of the knife as it pares and shapes the butter-colored wood of the *sabots*.

The *sabottier* wears a leather pad and apron, a loose shirt open over a hairy breast, great wooden shoes filled with straw on his naked feet; he looks out from a grizzled tangle about his face like some peeping creature of the forest—timid, fierce, cunning, suspicious. He has been telling us, as he works, the infinitely little he knows about the Revolution.

"*Dame vère!* since the rich folk weren't strong enough to look after themselves, it was fine times for the poor. The masters ran away and left their people in charge of the land; and of course you don't fancy they ever got

Macmillan's Magazine.

it back! Would I have been such a fool to let go ever so many *journées*,<sup>1</sup> because some one came and said it was his? Not likely, I suppose! You could always knife him and say it was the Chouans, my grand-dad told me, and he knew. There was a *sabottier*, as it might have been me, who found the papers of a big *château* hidden in the hole of a tree. Well, hadn't he luck, that fellow! When the *seigneur* came back he just met him in a dark bit of the wood, yonder, and— Ay, you wouldn't think Madame, with her coach and pair and all her fineries, was just the granddaughter of a *sabottier*, as it might have been me, I dare say. But then, hadn't he luck, that fellow!"

He pauses to sharpen the high-pointed toe of the *sabot* in his hand. "Those rich devils!" he chuckles, with lips lifting over pointed yellow teeth. "Wouldn't I have liked to twist the white necks of all those pretty *mesdames*!"

He is carving a rose in his *sabot*; he will talk no more, for he is preoccupied, busy—for the moment an artist. But it is not difficult to see in him what the men were who brought the days of the Red Terror to France.

## THE POPE.\*

### I.

Above the wild Lande, as level as the sea, it rose—solitary, like a great leafy dome. It was a gigantic oak, an extravagant, fabulous oak with an enormous trunk from which stretched black branches, twisted and strange like the limbs of a Colossus, and velvety with moss.

It was the most beautiful tree in the country, as well as the oldest and the

most conspicuous. Travellers pointed it out from afar, as sailors point out a light-house.

It was called the Pope.

Why the Pope? No one knew. Perhaps because it was so high, so imposing, and towered so gravely solemn above the vast Lande, flattened at its feet.

And the Pope, as if he were conscious of the great name men had given him, extended innumerable mighty branches

\*Translated for The Living Age by Mrs. Maurice Perkins.

<sup>1</sup> A measure of land, akin to the old English hides and oxgangs.

around him, above the humble birches and the little pine trees, in the attitude of a prelate blessing his obscure parishioners.

Once, when the intense heat of an August day hung over his head like an aureole, the Pope saw—for, according to the superstitious peasants, the Pope could see, and feel, and think like a man—the Pope saw two young wood-cutters stop below him.

He knew these wood-cutters well. They were a young man and a young girl—two pallid, dried-up beings, who through their long-continued daily association with the shrubs and ferns had come to have a vague look of two moving plants wandering about among their stationary friends. One was named Louis and the other Cadette.

They had been betrothed from infancy, when they used to pick up dead wood on the Lande, and every evening before they went home with their backs bent double under their fagots, they stopped beneath the Pope and sat down on one of his roots, a comfortable root like a mossy seat.

On this day the two wood-cutters sat down and wiped their brows, and then, instead of going to work at their fagots, picking up the dry wood scattered over the plain, they lay down side by side.

The heat was distressing, and the Pope pompously extended his wide branches, waving them to and fro like fans, and caressing the flushed faces of the sleeping lovers with a gentle breeze. He caressed them so successfully that at sunset they were still asleep.

"Louis! Louis!" suddenly cried Cadette, rubbing her heavy eyes in astonishment. "See, the light has gone!"

Louis started up out of his sleep; in a moment they were looking at one another in dismay.

"And our fagots? We have no time to make them.

They were very unhappy when they realized that the darkness had surprised them and they had not picked up a scrap!

But Louis looked up.

"So much the worse," he cried; "this time the Pope has got to stand it." And he pointed to an old dead branch far up, so black and leafless that it looked like a great paralyzed limb in the midst of the others, touched with rosy light.

## II.

For a long time Louis, a rather good-for-nothing fellow, had dreamed about this dead branch, but until now the prestige of the tree had protected it.

Rob the Pope! What sacrilege! All the other wood-cutters of the *pays* would toil for days and search the thickets for miles around rather than touch the sacred Pope. It is true they all knew about that dead branch, that could have made thirty fagots. But they had never dared to touch it, and in their confessions they accused themselves of evil thoughts, because they had stood under the tree too long, fumbling with the handle of their pruning hooks, hung to their waists.

This evening, however, Louis did not hesitate. He threw down his berêt, kicked off his sabots, settled his knife at his side, and, after measuring with his eye the height of the branch from the ground, began to climb.

"What are you doing?" shrieked Cadette. "Oh, you are crazy! Come down." And she rushed desperately towards him, to prevent this impious act. But Louis was already too high for her to touch. He had lightly scaled the tree, clinging to its branches, proping himself against the knots, scrambling along its enormous stems like an insignificant insect climbing a piece of straw.

And Cadette, below, trembled and clasped her hands.

Louis arrived in safety. Under his feet was the dead branch. He sat astride of it, holding with his left hand to the branch above him. With his right he unfastened his hook.

"Oh, no, no!" cried Cadette, in terror; but Louis appeared to hear nothing. His eyes were dazzled by the setting sun, his knife shone in his hand like a flash of lightning, and with pitiless, regular blows he struck the branch furiously. The harsh, continuous blows resounded through the evening air, and the chips of wood, like fragments of palpitating flesh, flew in all directions under the brutal wounds of the iron.

Clack! clack! The birds were silent, and far above the branches seemed to turn themselves around as if to discover what was going on down there. The sun sank lower; the base of the tree was already black. Suddenly, Louis turned pale. The summit of the oak was red like an angry brow. He desperately redoubled his blows.

And the branch, the heavy branch, the black, dead branch, sent forth a vague clamor of shattered fibres.

"Louis!" cried Cadette from below.

One more last furious blow! And the branch slowly bent, detached itself, and with a great wind that blew about the neighboring branches, rushed to the ground.

But there rang out a double cry. The stub on which Louis sat rebounded as the branch fell, and the wood-cutter, flung into the air like an india-rubber ball, turned over and over among the foliage. "My God!" shrieked Cadette.

And Louis fell heavily from the height into the midst of the branches of the broken limb.

### III.

Cadette rushed forward.

Oh, that black branch! It seemed to

be filled with fury against the young man; it still shuddered like the body of a half-dead viper, and Louis cried out from its embrace.

The young girl seized the branch as if she were destroying an enemy, and hurled it aside.

"Cadette, Cadette!" stammered Louis. A little thread of blood flowed from his mouth. He tried pitifully to hold out his arms to her, but he could not, and Cadette, at the risk of suffocating him, pressed him against her breast with all her might, a great sob struggling in her throat.

"Come, he will hurt you more," she said abruptly.

She lifted Louis in her arms and hurried away with him, panting and looking behind as if she feared to see the cursed tree close at her heels.

From the west, yellow and shining like some silken stuff, there fluttered flights of little clouds fringed with rose. Cadette, bending painfully backward, ran through the gloomy Lande carrying Louis in her arms. The wood-cutter's house was away off there, very far! Several times she was obliged to rest.

Once she saw a shepherd bringing home his flock, a gray flock of fat sheep, pressing against each other, walking with little steps, and holding down their heads.

The shepherd approached Louis, felt him, and shook his head gloomily. Cadette set off again, her heart burning.

They saw a laborer returning from the fields with his tools on his shoulder. He was droning an endless song, carried on by the echo. But Cadette would not go near the laborer for fear that she should hear that the state of the wounded man was hopeless. And with her hair streaming with sweat, her heart exhausted with weariness and anguish, without saying another word, or stopping again to rest, she hastened on to the wood-cutter's house.

When she arrived the first stars were out.

"There!" she said hoarsely, laying down the wounded body of her lover, "it was the Pope that did it. Louis wanted to cut off one of its branches, and he flung him down. It was the Pope."

And then furtively, without waiting till they examined the wounded man, she gazed towards the level Lande drowned in shadows, and, fearing the worst, she fled away.

#### IV.

She walked fast, muttering to herself. She retraced her steps along the path through which she had carried her wood-cutter. Her neck was stretched out, her mouth was half open, she seemed to be prying through the darkness to find something.

She was making her way to the Pope. What was the use of going for the doctor or the curé? Only the Pope, the Pope could cure him; she was convinced of that.

Suddenly Cadette shuddered as she saw the majestic dome of the tree loom through the darkness. The moon was rising low down on the horizon like a fire balloon, and the clouds seemed to precipitate themselves toward her, as night insects to a lamp.

The wood-cutter hurried on; as she passed, invisible plants trembled, murmuring mysterious things. She arrived beneath the Pope. Her heart beat as if she were appearing before a judge. She pressed her hands against her breast; she thought she should sink.

The Pope, silent and grave, stretched his long distorted limbs towards the sky as if they could reach the stars. Between his giant roots the crickets peacefully sang the Magnificat of the happy woodland creatures.

Cadette stopped, and without hesitation, raising her eyes midway up the

tree where she imagined the head of the Pope to be, she cried:

"Oh, do you know, you must cure him! I will do anything you want, but cure him, cure him! Must I go on my knees? See, I am kneeling. Must I kiss your feet? See, I kiss them! But cure Louis for me! What will become of me, if he dies? Oh, what shall I do?"

And she began to cry bitterly.

The tree seemed to listen; all its leaves hung motionless. The yellow moon looked like the fantastic head of some curious animal resting on a branch.

"Ah, you want me to make a promise. To give an oath—a vow?" said the wood-cutter. She seemed to reflect. She was trying to think of something terrible, frightfully painful, something superhuman and almost impossible, so that she might soften the oak. Suddenly, raising her head, she burst out: "Well, you know how I love him! Well! well! I promise if you save him I will never be his wife. Let him live, even for somebody else. Save him! save him!"

And she fell down, as if the enormity of her vow had overwhelmed her. A warm breeze passed over the Pope, and, as if touched by an invisible bow, all the leaves vibrated.

"Ah, you agree," cried the girl triumphantly.

And really believing that the tree had given her an answer, she arose and hurried gladly homewards, through the black Lande, drowned in sleep beneath the light of the moon.

#### V.

And Louis got well.

For a long time they thought the case was hopeless, but at the end of six months he arose, and at the end of seven he began again to make fagots.

At the end of ten Cadette dared to



look tenderly at him as she used to do.

The Pope, perfectly indifferent, was green again.

"Oh, let us quit the *pays*! Will you?" Cadette said one day, her eyes filling with tears; but Louis did not understand her; on the contrary, he was bent on fixing the day for their wedding as soon as possible.

"Oh, no!" cried Cadette, violently agitated; "I cannot! I cannot!"

She kept him waiting thus nearly half a year. At last, one Sunday, he asked her:

"You say you cannot be my wife?"

"No, I cannot."

"Very well. Then I must find somebody who can," and he went off. Cadette thought she must die. She followed him across the fields weeping and sobbing.

He took no notice of her, but went on towards the town, where they were having a ball; but Cadette flung herself violently on her betrothed just as he was asking a young girl to dance.

"Come, come," she said, "I will do anything you wish, anything!"

So it was decided that they would be married on St. Peter's day.

The evening before the wedding the sun was terrible; the heat was torrid. Cadette came and went like one walking in her sleep.

About four o'clock in the afternoon there arose a strong wind, filling the sky with heavy white clouds.

There was something sinister in the writhings of the Pope in the distance; when she saw them Cadette shivered.

Suddenly she felt that she must see Louis; she ran to look for him.

"Do you see him?" she said in a low voice.

She caught him by the arm and entreated him to take a walk with her on the Lande. He must come! Just once! the evening before their wedding! They went out together.

"Oh, no!" she said beseechingly, "don't let us go towards the Pope," and they turned in the opposite direction, but a few moments after, she could not tell why, she found herself again in the path leading to the Pope.

The light was fading; the wind blowing in hot puffs raised little clouds of dust on the road.

Cadette began to tremble.

"Look here! what is the matter with you?" said Louis uneasily. She did not answer; she stared at the Pope with wild, dilated, half-crazy eyes. Pressed up against Louis, she continued to draw near, in spite of herself.

The tree flung itself wildly about or suddenly stood erect. Every now and then it appeared to gather itself together, ready to spring on the fields like a wild beast.

"Do you see him?" stammered Cadette, "do you see him?"

Surely the wind would tear him up by the roots, would tear him up and carry him off, raging and formidable, in an uproar of tempest. And he would go striking, and scourging, and killing as he went, with his great knotty arms which writhed and bent down and whirled about under the sky, like the arms of an angry Hercules.

"Do you see him? Do you see him?"

Suddenly the wind ceased, and from the edge of the horizon swept a leaden cloud.

The branches of the Pope were at peace again. But Cadette's teeth chattered in her head.

Oh, what strange movements they had—those dreadful branches! They waved before her like the hands of a man making magnetic passes. And it was always in her direction that they sent their horrible fluid. Ah, she knew it! she knew it! The tree was calling her, drawing her with all its mighty force. If she had been fastened to a horse—to ten horses—to a locomotive going the other way it would make no

difference; nothing could have kept her back! The whole plain belonged to the Pope. He ruled over it, he fascinated all breathing things, and Cadette was going to fall into his power like a bird into the jaws of a snake.

"Where are you going?" cried Louis, "why do you drag me along like that?"

Then because the wood-cutter resisted, the Pope must have made a signal from up there, and the leaden cloud came on, like a sinister ally. It spread itself over the sky, sending forward a few light clouds like an advance guard, and in a moment, as if pierced by a spear, it emptied itself like an enormous vessel, and drowned the earth. It was so violent that it sent up a cloud of dust as if a shower of stones had fallen. And down came the hailstones! The leaves clapped together, the branches groaned, the thirsty earth sounded under the oblique blows like gigantic drums beaten by innumerable sticks.

"Come, get under shelter!" cried Louis, panic struck, and now it was he who dragged Cadette along, and urged her towards the Pope.

It was the only large tree, the only refuge, the only shelter in all the plain, and unless they were to be killed, cut to pieces on the bare ground, they

must run, run desperately to the oak. He saw them coming, and exulted. He looked as if he were drawing himself up in triumph, and over his head the hollow rumbling of the thunder seemed like his voice shouting Victory!

Cadette sank against Louis's arm; her legs bent under her; her arms hung inert; her heart stopped; only her eyes lived—her wild, terrified eyes, staring at the Pope. They saw him grow larger and larger, grow larger, till he filled the whole sky with his vengeful being, shaking his furious boughs with their dreadful branches like tentacles.

Oh, they would seize her and carry her away, crushed! Ten steps more, five steps, two steps! It was done! They were there!

Cadette closed her eyes.

Then the skies seemed to open, and a column of fire fell upon the Pope.

Through the rolling of the thunder two loud cries rang out, and the wood-cutters fell down, struck dead, beneath the tree!

All that was long ago, but the peasants still tell the fantastic story with lowered voices, and the Pope still lives and reigns over the Lande, level like the ocean.

*Jean Rameau.*

## AMID THE ISLETS OF THE SARGASSO SEA.

"The floating islands of the gulf-weed, with which we had become very familiar, as we had now made the circuit of the 'Sargasso Sea,' are usually from a couple of feet to two or three yards in diameter, sometimes much larger; we have seen on one or two fields several acres in extent, and such expanses are probably more frequent nearer the centre of its area of distribution. The general effect of a num-

ber of such fields and patches of weed, in abrupt yet harmonious contrast with the lanes of intense indigo which separate them, is very pleasing. These floating islands have inhabitants peculiar to them, and I know of no more perfect example of protective resemblance than that which is shown in the gulf-weed fauna."<sup>1</sup>

The above description serves well to

<sup>1</sup> Sir Wyville Thomson: Challenger Report.

give a general impression of that wondrous mid-Atlantic area which has engrossed the attention of every passing naturalist from the days of Humboldt, Darwin, Gosse, and Charles Kingsley, until the present time. For days a ship may sail through tangled masses of yellow weed (*Sargassum bacciferum*), the fronds of which are supported at the surface of the water by the numberless air-capsules between the forking branches, in a free-swimming, rootless, yet vigorous condition. The term Sargasso is derived from two Portuguese words which signify the sea of the little grapes, in reference to the air-capsules of the floating weed found exclusively in these latitudes. A reference to the "Physical Atlas" shows that the region of the Sargasso Sea fills a space between the great equatorial current and the curving sweep of the Gulf Stream—deflected by the American Continent—an area extending roughly from Bermuda to the Azores East and West, and 1,000 miles North and South (20 degrees to 35 degrees N. lat.). This enormous tract of ocean forms a calm vortex encircled by warm currents. The gulf-weed, in fact, is not within the range of the Gulf Stream; if it were so, many fragments would be carried to distant shores, instead of being limited to the single region, as it invariably is. It is the action of the surrounding currents which maintains the isolation of the weed.

Some botanists have asserted that the gulf-weed luxuriated at the bottom of the Atlantic, only the fragments torn away rising to the surface. This explanation is rendered untenable by the Challenger soundings, which give a depth of 2,000-3,000 fathoms in 38 degrees W. long., and upwards of 1,000 fathoms farther east, in the Sargasso Sea, the minimum depth precluding the possibility of the weed growing attached to the sea bottom in any part of the locality. From the days of the

early explorers the *Sargassum* has been more or less abundant within the limits laid down; it is, therefore, either constantly replenished from a rooted supply on some submarine bank nearer to the American coast or the vicinity of an island group; the alternative being perpetual growth *in situ*, at the ocean surface.

The latter explanation is the most consistent with the Darwinian teaching of the modification of species and the survival of the fit. I admit that numerous fragments are found—especially towards the outside of the Sargasso Sea—in a decayed condition; but these have been violently torn away from the vigorous central masses. Branchlets from the main floating islands can be gathered in every stage of development, manifestly growing; the root-like termination of the fronds is lost because the organism has modified itself into a floating environment, and the development is by fission. Other closely-related sea-weeds support a dual existence, *i. e.*, floating and rooted, at the present time. As no existing species of rooted *Sargassum* in any part of the world can be proved to be the same as the gulf-weed, the conclusion is reasonable that it came, in ages remote from the present, from some submarine bank—as surmised by Humboldt—or from the tidal zone of the American shore, being transported in either case by the agency of the Gulf Stream to the region of the Sargasso, and maintained there in the great calm vortex created by the sweep of the circular currents around; and this, long after the rooted prototype has been lost. The floating species has become specialized, roots are merged in fronds, and subdivision takes the place of spore development. Another peculiar point remains to be explained. On one voyage a ship's course lies through dense masses of the gulf-weed, whereas, on a second voyage, through pre-

cisely the same latitude, very little weed can be seen. The islets undoubtedly shift their position over a wide area from time to time; but more than this, the fronds are liable to sink some few feet below the surface. I attribute this to the air-capsules assuming different degrees of inflation at different times, the specific gravity of the branches thus being altered.

Readers of Kingsley's fascinating book, "At Last," will recollect how the genial Canon was forced to speed through these seas at mail-boat progression just when all his instincts demanded a week's delay for research among the living wonders of the weed.

All my sympathies went forth at the memory of the lost opportunity, especially as our sailing ship now lay practically becalmed in the same region.

I first met with the floating fragments of weed on the morning of June 18, just outside the tropic of Cancer, lat. 23 deg. 37 min. N. and long. 39 deg. 40 min. W. The prevailing straw color of the patches was lighter than I had anticipated. All the ends of the stalks were dead, but the fronds were vigorous and full of young shoots without a sign of fructification. At night the display of phosphorescence proved exceedingly attractive, each mass of weed having the appearance of a burning bush, glowing brilliantly far beneath the surface. Sometimes shoals of great fish pursued an erratic course through the water, leaving trails of inextinguishable light. The agitation of the sea thus caused dispersed myriads of glittering particles from the fronds of the floating weed, due no doubt to the scintillations emitted by the numberless minute Crustacea and Infusoria which lurked therein. Most of the organisms seem luminous within the regions of the tropics, and many a night have I spent spellbound at the indescribable beauty of the molten seas. I have seen a shark ten feet in length

lit up with white light to such an extent that every outline was visible in the darkness as it followed the vessel astern, a phenomenon due, I presume, to the food recently swallowed partaking of a phosphorescent nature, the bright light thus shining through the body of the voracious animal. One kind of transparent Mantis-shrimp, of which many specimens were taken in my net, had wondrous eyes on long pedicels, each facet shedding a brilliant greenish light, sparkling like a cut gem. No two animals possess quite the same degree or character of phosphorescence; but on certain nights the entire marine fauna pulsates with a mysterious incandescent force suggestive of some connection with the magnetic currents of the universe. On the following day as we approached the central masses, the dead appearance of the stems could not be traced; the whole plant was full of vitality, spreading over the surface of the water like a creeper. The air-capsules might easily be mistaken for budding inflorescence. The direction of the fronds invariably indicated the prevalence of the wind. If the waters became agitated, the large aggregations of weed sank beneath the surface, remaining quite four feet down during the whole day.

Every frond of *Sargassum* is the sheltering host of various fishes, crustacea, mollusca, zoophytes, annelids, ova, and the like. A film of silvery-white, for example, forms a network enveloping many of the air-capsules of the weed, barely visible to the naked eye. It is a Bryozoan (*Membranipora*); under the microscope, numberless polypites are visible, a picture of marvelous beauty as they dart forth from the many cells, with tentacles fully expanded, in eager search after food. This same network pattern of white is actually reproduced by nature on the yellow and brown carapace of a weed-dwelling crab,

doubtless by way of additional protection against lynx-eyed foes; the animal resembles encrusted sea-weed. There are graceful Campanulariæ and club-headed hydroids entwined amid the stems in endless profusion, lending themselves to the purposes of design in a remarkable manner when duly enlarged. The living organisms exhibit splendid examples of alternation, whereby free swimming medusoid animals are transformed into hydroid colonies, fixed by the trailing stem during another phase of existence. All the larger animals assume the protective color of the weed. Yellow shrimps swarm throughout, and many other crustacea are mottled with red, brown, yellow or white. A nudibranch mollusc (*Scyllæa pelagica*) is common, the color being yellow-brown. The large external branchiæ lend a peculiar appearance to this crawling sea-slug, which, like others of its kind, only had a rudimentary shell beneath the skin. Clusters of gelatinous ova adherent to the weed revealed, by means of a pocket lens, the embryonic mollusc within. A splendid annelid, black, with brilliant longitudinal orange stripes, leads an active life amid the fronds. The body segments are ringed with a rich brown, in strong contrast to the mid-dorsal stripe. The restless movements are not easy to follow microscopically, as the animal works rapidly in and out among the stems. Isolated in a drop of water, beneath a cover-glass, every detail of structure is distinct—even to the passage of food particles through the alimentary canal, the powerful jaws being constantly employed. Whereas all the Copepoda of the Indian Ocean had been bright blue, red, or violet in hue, I found all the small Entomostraca attached to the gulf-weed had acquired the prevailing yellow-brown tones of the surrounding vegetation. These "water-fleas" vary in a curious manner as regards the develop-

ment of the eye. Some are blind, while others are all eye, or nearly so. Most species have a frontal pair with many facets, wonderfully beautiful objects for enlargement. Professor Mosely mentions the genus *Lorycaeus* among the Copepods, with the frontal region occupied by huge eyes which extend back to the posterior portions of the body, the optic nerves being prolonged into special tubular prominences on the abdomen; the body is, indeed, little more than a great eye.

All this time I was taking hundreds of specimens of *Sargassum* from the poop of the ship by means of a grapnel made from wire weighted with lead, with seventy yards of line attached. It was quite an excitement to make successive shots overboard at the floating weed, a certain degree of efficiency being requisite before good hauls could be made. On the morning of June. 22, in lat. 28 deg. N., long. 40 deg. W., we passed through enormous quantities, patches often being ten to twenty yards in circumference. The sea was perfectly calm, the golden yellow affording a marked contrast to the intense blue of the water. The peculiarity on this occasion was that the young fronds stood upright above the surface. Lovely corallines, just visible to the naked eye, infested the branches, plumed feathers with myriads of polyps. The more I saw the more certain I became that the *Sargassum* thrives at the ocean surface independent of any supplies drifting from a distance. It rises and falls in the water, or shifts its position according to the direction of the wind and the condition of the sea. I have called the Sargasso Sea a calm vortex; but this does not preclude the incidence of gales and occasional fierce seas sweeping the surface. It is tranquil only so far as currents are concerned. To-day, in the absence of rough waves, long rows of golden weed followed each other at in-



tervals of fifty yards or so, extending in a sort of ridge and furrow arrangement as far as the eye could reach towards the horizon. The spectacle has an indescribable charm of its own, unique among the sights of the world.

The glare and heat of the sun is so great during the semi-tropical days that many pelagic animals—besides those that find a shelter in the weed—sink several feet beneath the surface, ascending once more immediately the sun sinks below the horizon. The darting movements of the Pteropod mollusca and the various Calamaries, Squids, etc., are a new revelation; every haul of the net brings forth living wonders. The "wing-footed" molluscs have the most charming little horny cases or shells, which glitter like glass as the small animals disport themselves in the water. The shells are generally semi-opaque, with crimson edges, or tortoise-shell in color; all possess various protective spines. Slits exist for the protrusion of the "wings" and head. The immature cuttle-fishes are of equal interest, the evolutions in a bucket of sea-water possessing a singular interest. The uncovered animals rush to and fro at headlong speed, grabbing at every particle with the crown of sucker-armed tentacles, changing color with startling rapidity, or ejecting an inky fluid to cloud the water.

The most curious creatures are the nest-building fishes of the Sargasso. Sometimes the grapnel brought up compact balls of weed—about the size of a Dutch cheese—numbers of tough glutinous threads serving to bind the fronds together. The substance resembled isinglass, and I subsequently found a pair of fishes (*Antennarius*) in the centre of a loose bunch of weed in the very act of excreting the filmy threads to weave with, strings of ova afterwards being deposited thereon. The tenacity of the threads is so great

that one is unable to pull them asunder. The embryonic fish were visible under the microscope, beautiful objects for blood circulation; several hundred young fishes afterwards hatched in a bucket of water. The brilliant colors—yellow, brown, and white—of the *Antennarius* harmonized perfectly with the prevailing tone of the weed. The body, curiously thick in proportion to the length, measured five to six inches, with an enormous head and ugly mouth. It had an extraordinary capacity for inflation, swelling suddenly into a tight ball if agitated. The eyes were bright green; elongated yellow tubercles covered the body or fringed the fins. The tail became attenuated after the manner of an angler-fish, to which it is related. A notable character of the *Antennarius* is the modification of the pectoral fins, which are prolonged from the carpal joints (or wrists) into regular claspers or fingers. The organ is just like a hand, an appendage possessed by fish of the *Pediculati* group, which is extremely useful in clinging to any substance. With bodies remarkably distended, the male and female both adhered with all their might to the weed. In more than five hundred hauls I only took one pair of *Antennarius*, which is the only nest-bulder mentioned by Moseley. Many times a small Pipe-fish (*Syngnathus*) came up entangled in the weed. I found the ova likewise attached to the glutinous threads entwining the tightly-compressed masses of gulf-weed. The elongation of the snout could be seen when the egg was magnified. The life-history is not without interest. The male is four inches long, with a supple, slender body, yellow-brown in colour with transverse annulated marks of deep brown. The mouth is prolonged into a decided snout; the pectoral fins are narrow, delicate, and small, the single mid-dorsal fin being without any spines; the tail is unlobed. The female

is similar in shape and color, but five inches long. It possesses an external abdominal pouch formed by overlapping membranes on either side, in which the ova are for a time carried. The creature is nearly related to the garfishes and the sea-horse. It possesses a singular power of changing color, the rich shades assuming a gray tone when the occasion demands, the deeper segmental bands reappearing at will. Sooner or later the eggs are transferred to the gelatinous threads on the weed. The female gently rubs her body against the sticky substance, the ova from the pouch adhering in strings to be afterwards fertilized by the milt of the male fish. The parents then desert the nest and roam in pastures new. The shelter of the weed patches is, however, necessary for protection against insidious foes. As an instance of this, directly the slender little pipe-fishes quit their shelter for the open water they are liable to be seized by the invisible tentacles belonging to the small strawberry-colored Medusæ with discs no larger than a sixpence. These streamers often extend a couple of feet from the jelly-fish, waving backwards and forwards as invisible threads ready to capture fish many times bigger than themselves. I have seen five pipe-fish securely held by the streamers of one "Portuguese man-of-war" despite every struggle to escape. These prolonged filaments have an urticating power which produces a kind of paralysis in the victim, the sting inflicted being very painful, even to the human flesh. The contrivance for the purpose is very beautiful; it consists of a number of spiral

Cornhill Magazine.

threads contained in rows of cells ready to dart forth directly contact is felt with the enemy; the power is offensive as well as defensive, and fully accounts for the inability of the prey to escape from the meshes.

I have dwelt upon the protective coloration exhibited by the fishes, crabs, shrimps, molluscs, and all things living amid the vegetation of the Sargasso Sea, because a conclusive argument may be founded thereon in support of the vast antiquity of the gulf-weed flora and fauna. Here we find a highly specialized and absolutely unique series of pelagic animals with characters that can only have been acquired after a period of some thousands of years' isolation. The imitative colors cannot be rapidly secreted, and it is very certain that if the animals from the gulf-weed floating in mid-Atlantic were either sunk to the bottom or suddenly removed to some tidal zone, every vestige of life would be destroyed. The organisms are adapted only for a pelagic existence. Hence the gulf-weed itself has thriven only at the ocean surface for many thousands of years, and I claim with the late Sir Wyville Thomson that nowhere in the world is a more perfect protective resemblance to be seen. I make no apology for the slight attempt to portray the peculiar character of the Sargasso, for after traversing the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean, the South Pacific, the Southern Ocean, and the North and South Atlantic, I have been able to find no more impressive a scene than the mysterious islets of weed, floating yet vigorous at the surface in mid-ocean.

C. Parkinson.

## MR. GOSSE'S LIFE OF DONNE.\*

Mr. Gosse's subtle and solid study of John Donne justifies expectation. It will take rank at once, not merely amongst its author's happiest contributions to the finer understanding of English letters, but also amongst the all too few masterly biographies of subjects worthy to receive masterly treatment. Mr. Gosse has been fortunate in his task—perhaps, as he himself says, “the most imposing task left to the student of Elizabethan and Jacobean literature”—and Donne has been equally fortunate in the hand to which his chronicle has fallen. That anything written by Mr. Gosse upon this particular poet would be full of sympathy, the world knew well; but let it be said at once that the book has other qualities, the possible absence of which did, when it was first announced, fill us with some trepidation. It is a brilliant portrait; it is also a laborious and exact work of literary history. The complicated and disorderly material out of which it was necessarily constructed is full of pitfalls; and the little demon of inaccuracy, who occasionally takes his stand at Mr. Gosse's elbow, has before now tripped him up on this very topic. It would be too much to say that there are no slips and errors of fact in these two bulky volumes; but after making a careful and detailed examination we are convinced that, in proportion to the difficulty and minuteness of the work, the total number of desirable corrections is infinitesimally small.

Apart from Walton, of whom there is a word to be said presently, Mr. Gosse has found his chief mine of biographical matter in Donne's own works—the poems, so far as they can be dated, and

the letters. Of these last a hundred and twenty-nine were printed, in a chaotic and ill-edited volume, by the younger Donne in 1651, and there, for practical purposes, they have lain ever since. About forty others the biographer has gathered from various sources, principally from the state papers, the Anderton Collection, the muniment room at Loseley, and the volume of “Letters to Certain Persons of Honor,” put together by Sir Toby Mathews, and published, also by the younger Donne, in 1660. All these have been digested, set as far as possible in chronological order, and incorporated in the text of the compiler's narrative. So treated, they form a fuller chronicle than one could reasonably have looked for of the life of the writer from his thirtieth year onwards. Some of them, indeed, are intimate documents, such as few great men have left to a curious posterity. We cannot help quoting the following, which, though the circumstances in which it was written are entirely enigmatic, is remarkable and even startling in the vividness of its psychological revelation:—

*“To Sir Henry Goodyer.*

“Sir,—I speak to you before God, I am so much affected with yesterday's accident, that I think I profane it in that name. As men which judge nati-  
vities consider not single stars, but the aspects, the concurrence and posture of them; so in this, though no particular past arrest me, or divert me, yet all seems remarkable and enormous. God, which hath done this immediately, without so much as a sickness, will also immediately, without supplement of friends, infuse His Spirit of comfort, where it is needed and deserved. I write this to you from the Spring Garden, whither I withdrew myself to think of this; and the intenseness of

\* The Life and Letters of John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's. By Edmund Gosse. 2 vols. (Helneemann.)

my thinking ends in this, that by my help God's work should be imperfected, if by any means I resisted the amazement.—Your very true friend,

"J. Donne."

Viewed as an edition of the letters—which, of course, it is as well as a life—the book before us is open to one or two criticisms. Obviously no modern editor could preserve the order of the 1651 volume, for which the copy appears to have been set up in hap-hazard bundles, just as it reached the hands of the collector. But Mr. Gosse would have consulted the needs of students by either giving a reference in his footnotes to the page of that volume upon which each letter occurs, or else supplying such information in an index of openings. Then again he fails to name the provenance of two or three of the letters which he quotes for the first time; he mentions a letter in Lord Bath's collection which he does not print at all; and he has unaccountably omitted to include two letters already printed in Mr. Kempe's "Loseley Manuscripts," one, at least, of which would have enabled him to correct a paragraph in his text. Yet a fourth letter which does not find a place was written from Montgomery Castle to Sir Robert Harley in 1613, and is calendared in the Fourteenth Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. On the other hand, the experience of an attempt at solving the same problem enables us to appreciate the delicacy of the biographer's labors in rearranging the letters and the accuracy with which, on the whole, he has accomplished the feat. Many of these letters are undated; of others the dates, possibly added by the younger Donne, are obviously wrong. In most cases the recipients are only indicated by initials, which also are often unidentifiable or incorrect. Nevertheless, there now remain but few to which, through a careful study of internal evidence, a

demonstrable, or at least a plausible, date has not been assigned. Of course Mr. Gosse does not invariably carry his critics with him. A certain number of his dates, both for letters and for poems, might be easily challenged. Space will here permit of reference to only one; that is the famous verse-letter or elegy written to a woman who had proposed to accompany the poet on a foreign journey dressed as a page. Mr. Gosse assigns this to 1606, when Donne almost certainly went abroad, and says: "It was doubtless on this occasion that Mrs. Donne jestingly proposed to accompany her husband in the dress of a page." Now we are willing to make the assumption that the poem, which is only headed "Elegy on his Mistress," was addressed to Mrs. Donne; but we feel sure that if Mr. Gosse will look at it again he will agree that it cannot possibly have been written in 1606. Here are the closing lines:—

O stay here, for, for thee  
England is only a worthy gallery,  
To walk in expectation, till from thence  
Our greatest King call thee to His  
presence.  
When I am gone, dream me some happiness,  
Nor let thy looks our long-hid love confess,  
Nor praise, nor dispraise me, nor bless  
nor curse  
Openly Love's force, nor in bed fright  
thy nurse  
With midnight's startings, crying out,  
"O! O!  
Nurse, O! my love is slain! I saw him  
go  
O'er the white Alps alone I saw him, I,  
Assail'd, fight, taken, stabb'd, bleed,  
fall and die."

How can the phrase "our long-hid love" apply to Mr. and Mrs. Donne in 1606, five years after their marriage? And if Mrs. Donne wished at that time to leave her family and go abroad, what need would there be of secrecy?

To us the poem seems clearly to belong to the period immediately before Donne's marriage, when his romantic amour with Anne More was still a secret from all her friends, and from her father in particular. The date would naturally be 1600 or 1601, and the journey was probably one of those which Mr. Gosse conjectures Donne to have taken in the service of Lord Keeper Egerton. It is an unkind fate that has buried the details of that "first strange and fatal interview" of which the poem speaks, and which was fraught with such momentous consequences to the whole career of Donne.

Originally, the life of Donne was to have been written by Mr. Gosse and Dr. Augustus Jessopp together. The collaboration broke down because Dr. Jessopp "has never been able to feel much enthusiasm for Donne as a poet," while to Mr. Gosse, "even to his last seraphical hour in his bedchamber at St. Paul's, Donne is quintessentially a poet." Dr. Jessopp wrote, as will be remembered, a brief sketch of Donne as a "leader of religion," and in the preface he gracefully resigned the larger task to his friend. This is as it should be. Donne was wanton and imaginative in his youth; he was imaginative and spiritual in his graver years; and throughout it was the exercise of the imaginative faculty on the material supplied now by amorous, now by religious experience, that dominated wantonness and spirituality alike. A capacity to follow with sympathy every manifestation of Donne's imagination is the first necessary qualification of his biographer. This Mr. Gosse possesses in an eminent degree, and, without irreverence, one may suspect that Izaak Walton did not possess it. Walton's "Life" is an extension of his "Elegy;" it is in no sense a biography. The austere and saintly Donne, whom he knew slightly, as a favored linendraper may know a dean,

he threw back, unconscious of the idealization, over half a lifetime. Donne himself was not likely, in familiar conversation, to dwell on all the past, nor was Walton the man to stir the sleeping waters of scandal. The result is that, except so far as the closing years are concerned, Walton's Donne differs *toto calo* from the Donne of scientific biography, as represented by Mr. Gosse. Certainly Mr. Gosse will not idealize. If he is to paint Donne at all, he must paint him as he was, with the frailties, the worldlinesses, the morbidities, that not for the first or the last time accompanied his rare gifts of genius and character. Frankly, in reading Mr. Gosse one has to forgive Donne much, and perhaps less even the full-blooded license of his early years than the undeniable streak of ignobility in his middle age. The Victorian is not the Jacobean conception of the social hierarchy; yet it goes against the grain to find Donne writing really fine verse to countesses in the hope that they will pay his debts, and still more to find him doing dirty work for so poor a wretch as the Earl of Somerset. We hope that we are right in an impression that in dealing with Donne's relations with Somerset and the Essex divorce his new biographer has to some extent mixed him up with his namesake, Sir Daniel Donne, who, as Dean of Arches, was naturally a member of the commission which tried the case. Mr. Gosse's analysis of the process which turned Donne from a worldly into a religious man is remarkably interesting. He will not allow that it is from Donne's ordination that the spiritual phase in his career dates. For some years after that he was doubtless a sincere and becoming clergyman enough, to the level of the Jacobean ideal, at least; he was not yet sanctified. There was a turning-point, and it came in 1617 with the death of his wife:—



Those who are in the habit of observing the religious life of others with attention are familiar, in whatever temper they may regard it, with the spiritual phenomenon which is known as "conversion." It is not a matter of conviction or works, though the first may produce and the second result from it; nor is it in any degree universal among those who are eminent for piety and unction. It may come to the most and to the least instructed; it is a state of the soul, a psychological condition abruptly reached by some, and not reached at all by many. Some pass into it who afterwards pass out again into indifference; some never experience the sudden advent of it, although their fidelity to the faith persists unshaken. There is abundant evidence to show that this condition or crisis was passed through by Donne in the winter of 1617; that at that time he became "converted" in the intense and incandescent sense. At that juncture, under special conditions, and at the age of forty-four, he dedicated himself anew to God with a peculiar violence of devotion, and witnessed the day-spring of a sudden light in his soul.

As a small confirmation of what is here said, we may point out that the characteristic subscription of all Donne's later letters to his more intimate friends—"your servant in Christ Jesus"—does not make its appearance at all between 1615 and 1617, although it becomes very frequent immediately after that date.

For the earlier period of Donne's life there are, unfortunately, no letters available, and research has been unable to discover documentary sources of information which may serve to supply the gap. Yet this is just the period during which his most individual and pregnant poetry, the anonymous lyrics and elegies, was written. That poetry is, on the face of it, poetry which has been lived. It is only natural to scan it closely and curiously in the hope that it, too, may yield up its biographical secret. There can be little difficulty,

we think, in distinguishing two well-marked groups of these love poems. The earlier consists of poems of extreme youth, poems which betray the boy cast loose upon the stream of the senses and the sentiments with little rudder or anchor of the conscience, and which are shot through and through with a cynicism perilously near the borders of insolence.

I can love her, and her, and you, and  
you,  
I can love any, so she be not true.

The later is of a chastened mood—tender, delicate, sincere. One connects it inevitably with the long romance of Donne's married life, beginning with the "strange and fatal interview" already referred to, and ending only with those desperate weeks of mourning that proved so critical a turning-point in his spiritual history. Mr. Gosse would go further, and would place between these two groups yet a third, in which he believes he can discern the outlines of yet another personal relation which had a profound influence on the young poet's development. About 1596, he thinks, Donne fell in love with a married woman. This proved a far more serious affair than any of his previous "light of love" adventures:—

If the moralists will allow us to say so, his ethical ambition had risen a grade, from the pursuit of woman as a species to the selection of one who should present herself to his imagination as the symbol of the feminine.

With remarkable ingenuity the biographer traces the progress, the rise, and fall of this supposed passion, and it is only after a hard rub of the eyes that the reader realizes on how very little, after all, the conjecture is based. It depends, it would seem, upon an entirely arbitrary putting to-

gether of poems which are not linked by any external signs of position or local color, and which, although they may all refer to one amour, may just as well, for anything that is known, refer to half a dozen. It is to be feared that, for once in a way, the passion to reconstruct has tempted Mr. Gosse from his usual discretion.

Mr. Gosse has the good fortune to be able, in the course of his work, to add a few items to the sum of Donne's known poetry. A manuscript, which was formerly in the Westmoreland Collection, and which, perhaps, originally belonged to Donne's friend, Rowland Woodward, contains a certain number of epigrams, verse-letters, and the like, not found elsewhere. It also contains a series of "Holy Sonnets," three of which were, for some reason, omitted from the printed editions. Mr. Gosse finds this reason in their "Romanizing" tendencies. Be this as it may, they are interesting, both in themselves and as a means of dating the series of which they form a part. One of them refers quite unmistakably to the death of Donne's wife, and it is therefore clear that these are not the "holy hymns and sonnets" sent by Donne to Magdalen, Lady Herbert, in a letter written in 1607. Those sonnets must, we fear, be lost, while these date from a decade later. Of the three new sonnets the editor has already, to borrow his own fine distinction, published one and printed another. Here is the third, a not uncharacteristic example of Donne's love for tearing an analogy to shreds:—

Oh, to vex me, contraries meet in one;  
Inconstancy unnaturally hath begot  
A constant habit; that, when I would  
not,  
I change in vows and in devotion.  
As humorous is my contrition  
As my profane love, and as soon forgot,  
As riddlingly distemper'd, cold and hot;  
As praying, as mute, as infinite, as  
none.

I durst not view Heaven yesterday;  
and, to-day,  
In prayers and flattering speeches, I  
court God;  
Tomorrow I quake with true fear of  
His rod.  
So my devout fits come and go away,  
Like a fantastic ague, save that here  
Those are my best days when I shake  
with fear.

We have ventured to amend the eighth line, which Mr. Gosse prints:—

As praying as mute; as infinite as  
none.

These volumes are enriched by almost all the available portraits of Donne, and the reader would have been grateful for a critical note upon them. The frontispiece to the second volume is said to be "from the original painting in the Deanery of St. Paul's." The painter's name is not mentioned. How far is this authenticated? There is a copy or replica, if it is not an original, in the Dyce Gallery at South Kensington—it ought to be in the National Portrait Gallery—which is ascribed to Cornelius Jonson. One or other of these portraits, which represent Donne at the age of forty, with full moustache and beard, was engraved by Peter Lambart or Lombart for the "Letters" of 1651, and also, as we judge from Mr. Gosse's description, although the engraving is not before us, by Merian for the "LXXX Sermons" of 1640.

There are several other points through which we would gladly follow the biographer. We should like to qualify his assertion of Donne's practical independence of all the poetical influences existing in England when he began to write by the suggestion that his elegies and epigrams must owe some inspiration to the joint volume of epigrams and translations from Ovid's "Amores," published by Marlowe and Sir John Davies, and that if any English master

influenced him it was probably Marlowe, whose famous pastoral he certainly imitated, or, if you will, parodied. But space is lacking for the development of this theory. We can

only conclude by once more expressing our sense of debt which English letters owes to Mr. Gosse for his faithful presentation of one of its most unparalleled and fascinating personalities.

*The Athenaeum.*

---

HERRICK.

If Herrick you would read aright,  
 And crowd the moments with delight,  
 Select some hour when skies are blue,  
 And meads have lost their morning dew.  
 Then choose some old, sequestered place,  
 An orchard quaint—a shady space—  
 Or garden sweet with homely stocks,  
 And roses, pinks, and hollyhocks,  
 And old-world flowers of small degree,  
 Loved by the butterfly and bee.  
 Thus Herrick's welcome muse engage,  
 And wanton with his pleasing page,  
 Delightful both to youth and age.  
 See soon the daffodils appear,  
 And cowslips kissed by virgins dear;  
 Behold the blushes of the bride  
 That paint the joy she cannot hide;  
 And mark how Cupid bends his bow,  
 A-Maying with Corinna go,  
 And Julia's moods and virtues know;  
 Or gather maydew with the maids,  
 While yet the charm of verse persuades.  
 Then learn how grew so fair to sight  
 The roses red, the lilies white.  
 In pity hear the mad maid sing—  
 Too sad a maid for marriage ring;  
 Or weep beside the silvery streams,  
 Or pleasure find in fleeting dreams.  
 'Tis with such simple themes as these,  
 Sung with the mellow gift of ease,  
 That gentle Herrick loves to please.

*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

*Charles Lusted.*

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Miss Katharine Tynan's latest story, "She That Walks in Beauty," published by Smith, Elder & Co., appeared in the *Quiver* under the title "Pledged." Such changes of title are perplexing to readers.

The friends of the late Mrs. Emma Marshall are contributing to a fund, the purpose of which is, first, to place in Bristol Cathedral a tablet or other memorial of her work, and, secondly, to provide in part for the support of her daughters. It would appear that the objects in view might better be taken in reverse order.

The novels of the sisters Brontë are now in course of publication in two new editions: the "Thornton Edition" with introductions by Temple Scott, of which the Scribners are the American publishers: and the "Haworth Edition" to which Mrs. Humphry Ward is contributing introductions. This is published by Harper & Bros.

There seems to be no end to adaptations and rearrangements of the Scriptures. The latest is the "Twentieth Century New Testament," which is described as an attempt "to translate the original Greek into vivid modern English." The translators, twenty in number, will remain anonymous for the present,—possibly until they have time to see how the enterprise is regarded.

The latest youthful hero to point the way along the path of daring self-reliance, for other boys to follow after, is the one for whom Edward S. Ellis's new juvenile story, "Dorsey, the Young Inventor," is named. This Dorsey, who is the son of a brickmaker, really

possesses a commendable energy and patience which enable him to be of much service to his father's business during a time of financial difficulties. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.)

The lodging-house which figures as the point of interest in Walter Leon Sawyer's "A Local Habitation" (Small, Maynard & Co.), is in the South End district of Boston, and hither comes a self-satisfied young reporter, impatient to write up these beings of the "working-class," presumably his inferiors. His experiences, and likewise those of the kindly, noble-hearted, busy people upon whom he descends, make an entertaining and clever story, as well as one that gives food for reflection.

A mere glance at the extracts from Amiel's "Journal," as they are given in Jeanne G. Pennington's "Philosophic Nuggets," (Fords, Howard & Hulbert,) is enough to inspire confidence in the compiler's sympathetic judgment. In grouping together many of the most hopeful and stimulating thoughts of Carlyle, Ruskin, Amiel and Kingsley, she has made a booklet of a connected and definite interest, and one which may prove a cheering little companion in times of disheartenment.

A wholesome volume made up of a series of lectures on the character of the Bible, comes from the press of E. B. Treat & Co. and is written by the Rev. Robert Stuart MacArthur. Its title, "The Old Book and the Old Faith," hints at the conservative tenor of its contents. Many topics of controversy are handled with good judgment, but the book as a whole is far from controversial, and is rather an at-

tempt to put well-seasoned views into helpful and attractive popular form.

The French Court of Appeals, in a suit brought against the *Revue Hebdomadaire*, has decided that that unhappy journal must publish in full the reply of an author to its criticism of her work. This decision adds an unforeseen terror to the lot of French literary journals, and its general enforcement will compel either a permanent enlargement of those journals, or a rigid abstention from hostile comments upon books and authors.

The irresistible desire of many people to peer into the future is ingeniously ministered to in "*The Yellow Danger*," by M. P. Shiel, which R. F. Fenno & Co. publish. What the partition of China might result in, and the dire calamities which an onslaught of ferocious Chinamen upon all Europe might entail, in the year 1900 or thereabout, furnishes the writer a chance to describe the methods of advanced—very advanced—modern warfare with grisly detail.

Boston people particularly, New Englanders next, and all those in whom the traditions of New England are strong, will echo heartily the sentiments embodied in Sara Hammond Palfrey's tiny booklet of verses, "*Old Times and New*," published by the W. B. Clarke Co. The tearing up of the old landmarks, the perils that beset the beloved "*Common*," and the memories that should perpetually cluster around the old homesteads, are here vigorously and brightly set forth.

Of the nine short stories gathered together in the volume entitled "*The Wife of His Youth*," it is difficult to say which appeals most searchingly to intelligent and fair-minded readers. The author, Charles W. Chesnutt, limits

himself to studies of "the color line"—one might rather say, broadens out into such studies. Sympathy and dignity of presentation mark his work, while his stories are always entertaining, apart from their underlying purpose. In "*The Passing of Grandison*," an apparently humorous study comes to a conclusion more forcible than droll. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

The eagerly-awaited "*Reminiscences*" of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe will not disappoint any of the expectations which the announcement of the volume aroused. It abounds in recollections of genuine value, it deals with stirring times and rare personalities, its comments are often deliciously shrewd and quaint, its dignity is marked, and it has, on the whole, an irresistible quality that tempts one to dip into it here and there before beginning at the first and attractive chapter that treats of childhood days. Much of the material that concerns Dr. Howe himself is of especial interest. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Frances Hodgson Burnett's new novel, "*In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim*," is a surprise. It has the picturesqueness of the South. But it is not so exclusively a tale of political life as was inferred. In fact, the Washington congressmen are veritable lambs, and the claimants are truly of melodramatic simplicity and good looks. As to the portrayal of the "villain," whose interests are chiefly elsewhere, exceptions may be taken, not so much to the somewhat hackneyed type as to the crudity of the lights and shades. The character drawing is not "down to the life," and there is a sense of "trick work" in the sensational posings, which must detract from the seriousness with which a story of apparently so strong a motive should be received. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)



The Blackwoods are soon to publish an anthology of "Prayers from the Poets," arranged in the form of a calendar of devotion, with one or more poems for each day of the year, and with special dates in British annals marked by appropriate pieces. The editors, Mr. Laurie Magnus and Mr. Cecil Headlam, have drawn from all times and countries, and they have added about twenty original translations of their own.

The broad title, "A Century of Science," which is given to Professor John Fiske's latest volume (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), does not describe the entire volume, but it is the title of the opening essay. With this are associated a dozen or more other essays, some scientific, some philosophic, and some reminiscent, but all written in Mr. Fiske's admirably lucid style. In his playful dedicatory epistle, inscribed to Thomas Sergeant Perry, now Professor of English Literature at Tokyo, Mr. Fiske presses, with good-humored and very proper insistence, his claim to the origination of the theory of the prolongation of human infancy with reference to the evolution of man. This theory receives a partial elucidation in a shorthand report of a speech given by Mr. Fiske at a dinner in New York, which is reproduced in the present volume.

Two American historical personages of very different types, Aaron Burr and John Brown, form the subjects of the latest volumes in Small, Maynard & Co.'s "Beacon Biographies." Burr is treated by Henry Childs Merwin, and Brown by Joseph Edgar Chamberlin. We are far enough removed now from both of these men and the affairs in which they had a part to view them in proper perspective, and the writers of these volumes render a service which many readers will appreciate in

presenting these rapid and well-proportioned sketches, which are neither overloaded with detail—as formal biographies are wont to be—nor dry and lifeless, as condensed biographical essays often are. In all mechanical particulars, the little books are a delight to the eye and the touch.

The recent decision in the Rosebery-speech copyright case in London, in which Justice North decided that the reporter of a speech had a copyright in it, was noticed in this department, when it was given, with an expression of surprise that the court should hold the rights of the reporter superior to those of the orator. The decision of Justice North has now been reversed by the Court of Appeal. The Times brought the suit, to prevent the publication of Lord Rosebery's speeches and addresses in a volume by Mr. Lane; and the counsel for The Times was incautious enough to remind the Master of the Rolls that it would be an unfortunate thing if there were no copyright in the judgments of the law reports. To this the Master of the Rolls replied, "I do not agree that the Times reporter is the author of my judgments" a dictum which seems conclusive, whether regarded as law or as repartee.

It is almost too much to expect entire impartiality in the discussion of such a subject as "The Territorial Acquisitions of the United States" (Small, Maynard & Co.). But Mr. Edward Bicknell, who writes this compact historical summary, has striven to be fair, and if his statements are, in spite of his good intentions, somewhat colored at times by his prepossessions, the error is not a grievous one. His summary embraces all American territorial acquisitions, from the Northwestern Territory down to Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines.

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No. 2894—December 23, 1899.

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## CONTENTS

I. Cities of the Far East. I. Singapore and Hong Kong. <i>By André Bellesort.</i>	REVUE DES DEUX MONDES	735
Translated for The Living Age.		
. The Fear of Over-Education. <i>By Alexander Sutherland.</i>	NINETEENTH CENTURY	747
III. From Sea to Summit. A Drive in the Jamaican Hills. <i>By Phil Robinson.</i>	GOOD WORDS	751
IV. The Perishing Land. VIII. Before the Church. <i>By René Bazin.</i>	REVUE DES DEUX MONDES	756
Translated for The Living Age.		
V. Penumbra. <i>By A. Bernard Miall.</i>		761
VI. A Romance in Scholarship. <i>By Joseph Jacobs.</i>	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	762
VII. The Ward Boy. An Episode of the Plague in Bombay. <i>By E. I. R. H.</i>	LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE	769
VIII. Links with the Past. <i>By M. H.</i>	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	775
IX. The Old Land and the Young Land. <i>By Alfred Austin.</i>		787
X. A Siberian Adventure.	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	789
XI. Oliver Cromwell. <i>By Frederic Harrison.</i>	SPEAKER	793
BOOKS AND AUTHORS		796

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